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The Week

REPRESENTATIVE SHERLEY broke a precedent that was in danger of becoming established when he said that the cost of the war would not be so large next year as this. Senator Lewis, and more recently Senator Martin, had been having visions of expenditures for our second year of the war that would make England's balance-sheet for four years seem the record of a hermit nation. But Mr. Sherley looks at the figures in this year's bill with his reason rather than his fancy, and observes that certain of the hugest items are exceptional. The two billions for a merchant fleet is not an annual expense. It will not be needed again next year at least, or rather it will not all be spent by then. The same is true of the two billions for field equipment. The equipment provided for is not to fit out merely the first half-million men, or the second half-million, but an army of no less than two millions and a quarter. In other directions there may be increases, but Mr. Sherley's bit of analysis will make it necessary for Congressmen who revel in immense sums to be more specific in their prophecies than they have been up to now. The country cannot be blamed if it associates the reckless handling of figures with a reckless voting of money.

WHATEVER may be said of the other changes in the Revenue Bill by the conference committee, it cannot be contended that the new 8 per cent. tax on salaries and earnings was either a necessary compromise between House and Senate or a properly discussed amendment. The clause which the committee slipped into the bill in secret session, and which was adopted by a tired House and Senate practically without debate, is, in our judgment, so unfair and vicious a piece of tax legislation that it may very well be reconsidered in the December session. Mr. Kitchin, who appears to have been the author of it, declares that it is "a tax on excess profits," and it is in fact inserted under the excess-profits section. But all of that section except the new 8 per cent. clause is based on the excess of present earnings over the average of pre-war years, and no such criterion whatever is applied in the new provision. It is an income tax on top of the other income taxes, and is imposed on earned incomes as distinguished from unearned incomes. Mr. Kitchin explains that it is "a tax on business," and thereby endeavors to excuse the elimination of Congressional salaries from its scope; but he conveniently ignores the definition tacked on along with the new clause, that the tax shall fall upon earnings, not only from professions but from "occupations." This sufficiently answers the contention that nobody was aimed at in the conference amendment but "high-priced lawyers," and that nobody else objects to the new taxation.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE'S defence of his course was dignified and was fortified by several quotations from some of the greatest Americans who in the past have upheld the right of free speech in war-time. It is unfortunate, however, that he has involved the question of free speech and the right of a minority to protest lawfully against any national policy with his assertions in regard to the Lusitania, which are bound to stir resentment. It is this passage in his St. Paul address, as reported in the press, which has so deeply offended the bulk of our public men. Whether he was correctly quoted as to this, the investigation by the Senate sub-committee will speedily show. Meanwhile, quite aside from any errors of taste and judgment, it would be a misfortune for the country if the fundamental right for which he stands should be lost. Our definite war-aims are yet to be laid down; the public and the press must not lose the right to criticise them when they are formulated.

WE find it impossible to believe that Washington's action in the case of Socialist publications like the Milwaukee *Leader* or the New York *Call* and *Forward* will go beyond the statement of whatever grievance the Government may have against these newspapers, coupled with a warning for the future. Especially in the case of the two New York papers is summary suppression hard to conceive in the midst of a political campaign. The way would be open to the charge—in fact, the charge has already been made—that something more than the taming of seditious opinion is involved, that it is a drive against the Socialist press as a whole. Even if a clear case for sedition could be made out against the *Call* and the *Forward,* mere expediency would dictate the postponement of action until after election day. If the country has not been undermined by six months of their propaganda, it can take the risk of another four weeks of it in order to escape the reproach that the press of an important political party has been throttled at a critical moment.

BY the new order affecting bunker licenses to neutral vessels our Government serves notice that whatever principles regarding the importations of "border neutrals" of Europe the Allies and we choose to apply will be the principles of world commerce. Argentina may have wheat, Mexico oil, Chili ore to ship to Holland, but the production of coal in these countries is negligible. It cannot exceed 4,000,000 tons. Spain is not in a much better case. Hereafter no vessels of neutral countries will be allowed American coal unless they arrange "for carrying only cargoes of which the Administration Board approves or putting their vessels into trade channels which do not reach Central Europe." The Allies will assist in executing this plan. It is to be noted as evidence of our Government's desire to act justly that in announcing plans for completion of practically the world's control of commerce by the nations united against Germany it declares that it has as yet decided on no hard and fast policy; that it is proceeding now with a cautious restriction of shipments that may seem like severity to the "border neutrals," though this is unavoidable so long as it does not have the complete information for which it presses.

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IT is announced that Great Britain has cut off all unlicensed exports to neutrals adjoining Germany except personal effects and printed matter. Nearly everything of possible value to belligerents was already under licensed control. The new step goes further than our own decrees, for our Exports Administration lists some 600 articles as requiring no export licenses; but it means only that Great Britain believes a uniform and general rule will facilitate administration of exports. Great Britain has entered into certain trade agreements with neutrals, and these agreements cannot be hastily abrogated. But it is becoming plain that the completion of investigations and development of regulative machinery will enable the Allies and ourselves week by week to adjust more closely their barriers to the principles they have adopted; and there is evidence that these principles are becoming more severe.

GERMANS waiting with Hindenburg for the submarines to end the war may well ponder the index of the recession of the submarine menace in the reduction by our Government's War Insurance Bureau of the premium rate on vessels traversing the war zone. The rate was 5 per cent. when at the end of July the Bureau decided that this "is not adequate . . . as the Bureau has sustained a number of heavy losses"; now it lowers it from 6.50 per cent. to the old figure "because of the corresponding decrease in the risks." It may be that 6.50 per cent. was a little excessive even in July, but so cautious have been the experts that a cut of 25 per cent. means much. No reduction would be made if there were material danger of a rise soon in the rate of losses. The scope of the commerce covered by the Bureau is great: up to June 30 nearly $625,000,000 in tonnage and cargo had been insured. Until our Government reveals the general rate of sinkings of American ships, comparisons between the risks run by ours and those of other belligerents will be impossible. But in the war zone they must be nearly equal, and this new evidence will be placed with other bits to reassure us as to the check of the whole submarine campaign.

IT would be a curious trick of fate if British victory, which seems to be on the march in Mesopotamia, should eventually force the retreating Turks, under German orders, to destroy the Bagdad Railroad. Since the war's beginning, German engineers have been working like beavers to get this railway finished, at least to the boundary of the territories controlled by their allies, even as far as Mosul. The Taurus tunnels have been excavated by British and Russian prisoners, and every foot of this part of the road has been cursed by their unspeakable sufferings. All but six hundred of the two thousand white prisoners taken at Kut have perished at Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, largely while driven, like slaves, to work without food, clothing, or medical attention, on the Bagdad Railway. The eight thousand Indian prisoners, also forced laborers upon this project of Teutonic ambition, have been entirely wiped out by inhuman neglect and exploitation. At the present time the road is said to be nearing completion. As long ago as last March light cars were running through the Taurus, and there were said to be only a few gaps in the whole distance to Mosul.

THE conclusions of the Federal Trade Commission upon the prices and shortage of paper, and the steps to be taken to meet the emergency facing book publishers, newspapers, and periodicals, are supported by the Senate Printing Committee in an emphatic report. The Committee declares for measures empowering the Trade Commission to pool the production of print paper and pulp mills, operating them on Government account, and distributing the product equitably on the "cost plus" basis. The recent trend of events in the paper trade invites Government intervention as it has been invited in few industrial fields. For a time it was hoped that the Trade Commission could arrange with manufacturers a schedule of prices fair to all and stimulating production. This object was in part defeated by the effect of certain indictments brought by the Department of Justice against some manufacturers. In larger part it has been defeated, the Senate Committee reports, by "the defiant attitude assumed by the principal producers of print paper and lack of authority of the Commission to enforce its findings as to a fair and reasonable price." This is well known to be no over-statement. The Department of Justice has thus far brought no relief; the Trade Commission seems helpless, and when Congress meets again it will do well to consider bringing paper as much under Government control as coal, wheat, and steel.

THE Department of the Interior, through the Bureau of Education, has instituted a series of lessons in community and national life which is designed to acquaint children of the public schools with some of the important problems imposed by the war. The lessons are issued in the form of circulars on the first day of the month, and are three in number, being arranged to suit the needs of pupils from the fourth to the high-school grades. The project, which has the advocacy of President Wilson and Mr. Hoover, is an experiment in education for which only a crisis like the present could pave the way. Children are to be made to see the dependence of a city upon its markets, to distinguish between perishable foods and those which may be sent to our soldiers in Europe. The intricate questions of democracy, for which this country is fighting, will receive much attention, and in general the present situation will be seized upon to inculcate lessons not only of war-economy but of good government and honest dealing. In case the venture meets with gratifying results it is proposed to continue education of this sort after the termination of the war. Here is an opportunity which in its magnitude Socrates himself, with all his facility in culling examples from the welfare of the state, never had.

FOR once the slow-moving Britishers have anticipated us. A patriotic baronet has just given his country estate to be used in perpetuity, a very long time, as the residence of British Prime Ministers. True, the Premier gets only $25,000, so that he can scarcely be expected to pay his own vacation expenses, unless he receives allowances and extras not included in his regular pay envelope. On the other hand, our Chief Executive is the cook, the 'bosun, and the crew of the captain's gig all rolled into one; that is to say, he has not only to drive the fiery steeds of Congress and public opinion, and keep the engines and boilers of the executive machinery going full blast, but he must also engage in the ornamental activities of a King George and a President Poincaré. And then the London summer climate cannot be compared with Washington's. Some American with a fine old estate an hour or so by automobile west of

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the capital, nestling among the foothills of the Appalachians, ought to take a hint from this British patriot.

THE announcement that the University of Pennsylvania has decided to do away with paid "scouting" this year is a reminder of how far some of our colleges have gone in adopting the methods of professional sport. The argument for the system was insinuating. You wouldn't go up against a team about whose members and methods of play you knew nothing, would you? Well, then, how can you object to having some one observe it at practice and in match games, and make reports to the coach? If it were training in a lot across the street, wouldn't we all go over and pick up points? And does the mere circumstance of distance alter the case in principle? If no other answer availed, one would think that a sufficient reply would be found in the resort to secret practice by college elevens. We want to spy on other teams, but we don't want other teams to spy on us. Looked at dispassionately, the custom seems clearly a product of the will to win, not at any cost, perhaps, but at costs that the highest sportsmanship would not be willing to pay. Is it too much to hope that the suspension of this and other questionable activities in connection with college athletics, forced by the war, will lead to a truer view of them when peace brings back our mimic contests in all their glory?

VEGETARIANS must be releasing a series of chuckles in their sleeves at the elimination of beef from Tuesday's bills of fare in all New York's public eating places. The ox is their particular *bête noire*. There is something impossibly uncompromising about him. Other kinds of meat-food do not seem quite so objectionable—mutton, lamb, chicken. And then there are the fishes. These all furnish kinds of dishes seemingly milder, less rampantly defiant, more nearly allied to the vegetable kingdom. The white meat of the chicken, for instance, constitutes almost a flag of truce, while an oyster seems less ferocious than some of the more belligerent vegetables, the cabbages and onions. But beef, *saignant*, as the French brutally put it, reeks of animal savagery of the Neanderthal ages, of the bull ring, of rough trencher warfare, of everything brutal in human nature. In vegetarian eyes another step towards universal peace, towards disarmament, arbitration, and the millennium, has been taken. They will explain German *Sehnsucht* for peace by the fact that Germans are no longer carnivorous. In the Entente countries, especially in the United States, all the other animal foods will shortly follow beef into limbo. And then peace!—with a vegetarian delegate at the conference, and a clause in the treaty providing for extraction of all teeth designed by nature for flesh-eating purposes.

IT is seldom that a great national art dies at its zenith. Out in Japan they are celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of Hiroshige's death. Together with Hokusai, who belonged to an older generation, but died only seven years before him, Hiroshige stands very near the apex of Japanese color-printing. After these two, the art went into extinction. Happy the country that could seal an epoch with a sort of landscape Michaelangelo and Corot without dragging through a generation of dilution and rococo degeneration. Of the two men, Hokusai was the greater in sweep and conception, in his feeling for the overpowering rush of the elements, and the comparative insignificance of man. His was the mood sublime, a mixture of the austerity of Mantegna and Leonardo and the turbulent movement of Salvator Rosa, whose infinite superior he was. These, at least, are qualities by which he has chiefly attracted European worship. Hiroshige, on the other hand, worked in a lyric mood, much closer to our own art of the last generation, intent upon the delicate, the subtle, the half-seen and half-surmised. He sought, one might almost say discovered, atmosphere, and succeeded in making it convey his emotions as well as any of the Barbizon school. The mountains of the inland sea, hovering, almost disembodied, behind the veils of mist at their base, the driving curtains of rain along the Tokaido, the movement of half-seen ghostly figures through the fog, these are phases that bring him very close to Western art, and give the lie to Kipling.

Moving for Disarmament

THERE is nothing more striking about the peace discussions coming to us from Europe than the persistent recurrence of universal disarmament. It was foremost in the Pope's proposal. It was accepted without question in the German reply, and last week Count Czernin advocated it strongly on behalf of Austria-Hungary. Now we are quite aware that to most people to-day such a position on the part of Austrians and Germans will be viewed with distrust and suspicion. It will be said that the devil is sick and therefore a monk would be. It will be recalled that the Germans at the Hague Conference, as Mr. Choate frequently pointed out, were the chief stumbling-block to anything approaching the limitation of armaments; that when Mr. Churchill proposed the cessation for a year of the building of battleships by Germany and Great Britain, the Kaiser refused. Is it not, therefore, plain that, being defeated in their militaristic plans, the Germans are now suddenly become pious—until it suits them to begin anew? How can they ever be trusted again?

To this the reply is that if Germany, through its frightful losses and its evident defeat both in the field and in the court of morals, now makes confession, the fact suffices. To drive militarism out of Germany and Austria is a prime purpose of the United States and of the Allies. The German consent to disarmament is, therefore, to be welcomed and acclaimed, for it will make it easier for the Allies to dwell in the peace conference on the folly of it all, and to insist upon that complete disarmament which is the prerequisite to a reorganization of the world on sane lines and to the establishment of the League to Enforce Peace if that should prove to be the next step in doing away with war. No matter what the German motive to-day, it is a cause for devout thankfulness that there will be no need for long wrangling on this issue of disarmament when the peace envoys come together. The Entente is to-day definitely and officially committed to this programme, and it cannot now retreat from the position if it would.

But how can Germany be trusted? Easily enough. Disarmament is not a question of a treaty to be handled as a scrap of paper. It is a question of fact. It will be easy enough to require proofs of disarmament. A nation cannot disarm or arm save in the full light of publicity. In no country can military supplies be purchased save on a very small scale without an appropriation by Parliament or Con-

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gress. There can be no secret training of large numbers of men. If Germany is limited to an army of 50,000 men, it will not be possible for her to heap up war material for six millions, and there will not be the trained men to use it if it should by any means be acquired. It is easy to ascertain what orders are placed with the large ammunition plants of the world, and, moreover, there will be in every Parliament hereafter Socialists and pacifists to see to it that the nations live up to their word.

But far more than all this, disarmament will strike at the roots of the system which has made possible the mad militarism of to-day—universal military service. When the Prussians hit upon this scheme for providing a nation in arms in order to combat Napoleonism, they laid the foundations for the disaster of to-day and became responsible for the mad race for armaments which was impoverishing Europe before this war began. Disarmament means the ending of universal service. This is clearly recognized not only in the German statements, but in that of Cardinal Gasparri, who rightly sees in it the chief evil to be removed. It is universal service which has made the people of Germany playthings of the Kaiser and the General Staff, which has enabled the military caste to control that country, and has kept the Hohenzollern in power.

To our mind, except the restoration of Belgium and Servia and France, nothing is as important as this question of disarmament, because there alone lies the hope of avoiding such another calamity in the future. If disarmament does not come, the millions who have died in this war will have died in vain, and there will be a great question as to whether democracy has advanced and the cause of small nations has been safeguarded. The greatest enemy of democracy to-day is militarism, for that is merely a synonym for Czarism and Kaiserism. We do not agree with those who contend that militarism is merely the state of mind of a few men and that republics can arm to the teeth and in no wise become a menace to the world. It is the military system which makes militarists out of those who become part of it, and there is never a country where it should not be regarded as something to be got out of the world, together with the ammunition factories and armor plants.

The part that the United States should play in this is to us perfectly plain. It ought not to let leadership towards disarmament go to the Russians, the Germans, and Austrians. It ought to be guided by President Wilson's words that this noble America of ours "must never be turned into an armed camp." Secretary Daniels's assertion that we are to have the greatest navy in the world points absolutely the wrong way. In unworthy military competition lies economic ruin, as Count Czernin points out. His reason for urging disarmament is the enormously increased cost of armaments; if the world is to remain on the old basis, it must expend far greater sums for preparation for war than had been dreamed of up to 1914. No nation in Europe to-day can afford this and stagger under its burden of war debt as well. But, after all, the most powerful argument is the moral one. It is contrary to the teachings of Christianity, to the highest ethical doctrines by which the world is striving to progress, that nations shall go armed to the uttermost and rely on brute force as the only means of keeping the peace and preventing humanity from tearing itself to pieces. The United States will not be true to its institutions if it does not seek for itself the honor of leading in the abolition of military force.

The Kaiser's Golden Howitzers

IT is not only von Kluck's solid divisions that the Kaiser threw against France. The 42-centimetre guns which laid low Liège and Namur were only one surprise out of many mobilized by the German General Staff. Simultaneously almost with the flinging of solid masses of infantry into Belgium, with the rushing forward of the monster guns, preparations must have been made for an attack by the Deutsche Bank along a front that circled the globe, and of which the campaign under General Bolo Pasha—officially not on the German army list—is the latest and most dramatic revelation. Compared with the massed millions of dollars which this Levantine Lanzknecht threw against the French flanks, from the United States, from Switzerland, it may yet be shown from Spain, the financial campaigns of von Rintelen and von Papen were but subsidiary operations, and von Bernstorff's request for $50,000 to influence Congressional opinion was a mere raiding expedition. In his financial strategy, as in his war strategy, the Kaiser has held close to the attack in solid formation. The lavishness with which German lives were expended at Verdun, the countless guns which Mackensen marshalled against the Russians, are of the same method as the treasure which poured forth from the coffers of the Deutsche Bank for the purposes of intrigue and corruption in five continents. Provided the end was worth while, there was no haggling over means. Bolo Pasha persuades von Bernstorff that he has a plan worth while, and immediately the sum of nearly two million dollars is available.

Like the plans of the General Staff, the campaigns of the Deutsche Bank show the characteristic German foresight for everything—except essentials. Mexico, Argentina, China, South Africa, not to speak of such obvious fields of operation as the United States and Switzerland—nothing was overlooked. Few questions were asked of any gentlemen with an idea and a record who applied to von Bernstorff and his colleagues all over the neutral world for a little ready money. Very likely, von Bernstorff and his assistants knew that their investments would not always bring in the promised returns. Many an international buncoman has sold gold bricks to the Deutsche Bank and its agents. But it was a chance which the Germans were willing to take. It was the casualty list which German methods were always prepared to face. In Mexico, Argentina, China, South Africa, and the United States the Deutsche Bank's campaigns have been failures. The fantastic imaginings which mingle with the most cold-blooded calculations and the most meticulous study of facts in the operations of the German mind brought about the same results in this field that the German General Staff's imaginings about England's refusal to fight, about India's readiness for insurrection, about the Czar's ability to make a separate peace, have shown in actual military operations. So meagre have been the usual returns compared with Germany's monetary efforts that the first question aroused by the disclosures concerning Bolo is, What did von Bernstorff and the Deutsche Bank get for the millions so readily handed over to this Arsène Lupin of international politics?

The answer is that from Bolo Pasha the German Government got more than the usual returns on its investments. To be sure, the campaign against the morale of the French nation has failed of its ultimate object. The drum-fire of

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Bolo Pasha's golden shells has been broken up. But there have been anxious months for the French people since last spring, just as there were trying days and weeks during the battle of Verdun. It is known that Bolo Pasha and his agents succeeded in making themselves felt in the French press. The attack was along the whole line. There were subventions to an anarchist paper like the *Bonnet Rouge*, which needed no outside encouragement to assail the Government. There was a successful drive on the provincial and trade journals. The main assault was aimed at the conquest of a great organ like the Paris *Journal*. Though the actual purchase of that paper has been frustrated by the latest revelations, Bolo's influence must have begun to infiltrate a long time back. It was in February, 1916, that the owner of the *Journal* applied for his first instalment on the purchase price from Bolo Pasha through the elaborate financial machinery established in this country.

Yet that very date, which indicates that the Deutsche Bank's ally must have begun his operations back in 1915, shows how hope deferred must have been agitating the bosom of the Deutsche Bank. Millions of dollars were handed over for the purpose of undermining the French will to victory almost at the moment at which the Crown Prince's guns delivered the opening salvo against Verdun. Yet the Germans did not pass at Verdun. Nor had the poison of German gold begun to work five months later, when France gave her reply in the battle of the Somme. It is only in the summer of the present year, eighteen months perhaps after the Deutsche Bank made its investment, that it began to see any results. In coöperation with the failure of Gen. Nivelle's offensive, with the strain of the U-boat warfare, with the forces let loose by the Russian revolution, the money raised by Bolo Pasha began to count. But once its presence was recognized and isolated from other factors, the Deutsche Bank's campaign went the way of all other German operations.

The British Campaign of 1917

LONDON speaks exultingly of the meaning of the advance last week east of Ypres, but emphasizes the strategic importance of the victory rather than its immediate effects. Delivered at a considerable distance, as distances go in trench warfare, from Lille and from the Belgian coast, this latest British attack is described as a long step in the elaborate effort directed against the German line between these two main points. From Lille the principal line of railway communications runs directly north through Menin and Roulers to Thourout, where it turns northwest to Ostend. Paralleling it at an average distance of not more than five or six miles is another railway line running from Menin sheer north to Bruges and Zeebrugge, with a branch to Ostend. With the consolidation of the new British positions, the first of these lines is now declared to be under fire, and the second line is apparently threatened. If the British guns really control these vital lines of communication from Lille to the coast, the effect on the German positions in western Belgium is obvious. Further, the exercise of British pressure at a middle point between the coast and Lille leaves the way open for a concentration in either direction. The enemy's problem, therefore, is to defend two threatened points under the handicap of hampered communications.

It would be rash, however, to overlook the factor of time in estimating the results of Haig's prolonged effort against the German lines of communication, just as there is danger of exaggerating the immediate importance of the capture of high ground such as the British achieved last week. When we speak of the Zonnebeke ridge, now in British hands, as dominating the Belgian plain, we must recall that the situation is the same as that produced last April by the conquest of Vimy Ridge. After Vimy came the desperate fighting which pushed the British line nearer to the important city of Douai than the British east of Zonnebeke are now to the important railway centre of Roulers. Yet Douai, after six months, is still in German hands. Still more emphatic is the lesson of Lens, in the outskirts of which the Canadians have been engaged for several months. The reasons for the delay may be many —strategic, tactical, as well as moral. By the last we mean the reluctance of the Allies to bring their heavy guns to bear on large French towns and so to wreak that devastation which undoubtedly was one of the main objects in the famous Hindenburg retreat. That manœuvre was in large measure a species of glorified blackmail. It imposed upon the French and their allies the task of destroying their own cities, and it is a task which the Allies have shrunk from. Instead they have adopted the "nibbling" tactics of Joffre on a magnified scale. The underlying idea in the British campaign of 1917 has been to file away at various points in the German line until a second Hindenburg strategic retirement is forced. Such a retreat is now predicted in Allied quarters.

In appraising the magnitude of Haig's efforts during the present year, fully as much emphasis should go to the display of sustained energy by the British armies as to the actual results achieved in the period of almost exactly six months since the first battle of Arras. Before that the centre of British interest was further to the south around Bapaume. These operations really belong to the campaign of the preceding year, being the supplement to the battle of the Somme, and terminating with Hindenburg's retreat, which began in the second week of March. This retirement was successful to the extent that it did hold up the renewal of an Allied offensive from the Somme. But it did not paralyze Allied effort elsewhere. Within three weeks after the discovery of the German retirement the British had shifted their attention to the north and begun the series of hard blows of which we have obviously not seen the end. Between April 9, the date of the first battle of Arras, and last Thursday, Gen. Haig has delivered nearly a dozen attacks along a front of eighty miles. No less than four battles were fought east of Arras in the space of less than a month. There was a pause during May and the first week of June, broken by the victory of Messines on June 7. There was another pause of nearly two months before the fighting flared up further to the north around Ypres. To the east of the city Gen. Haig has attacked five times since July 31, and three of these battles were fought within a fortnight. The British hit out along a front of eight miles on September 20, six miles on September 26, and eight miles again last week. It is the increasing frequency of these strokes that stands out as the most important feature of the situation. They testify to a reserve power which may well account for the confident spirit of the London dispatches.

We may sum up the situation to-day as duplicating along broad lines the situation developed in the battle of

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the Somme last year. The British front is standing five miles from Douai, five miles from Lille, six miles from Menin, seven miles from Roulers, along the vital line of communications from the industrial centre of France to the Belgian coast. These distances are, to be sure, larger than the distance that separated the British line from Bapaume and the French line from Péronne for many months before Hindenburg's retreat. But it is for the future to show how thin the German line has been filed by a dozen British attacks at nearly half-a-dozen points since last April. It took nearly six months for the results of the Somme to appear.

The Case of Columbia Professors

IT is now perfectly plain that the American Association of University Professors has vital work cut out for it. The dismissal of Professor Cattell and of Assistant Professor Dana from Columbia University raises an issue of such far-reaching importance that the real facts in the case should promptly be laid before the public, after the most careful study. We are quite aware that the metropolitan journals have barked a chorus of satisfaction at these dismissals. Echoing Secretary McAdoo's recent threat in Cleveland that every pacifist shall be silenced and suppressed, these newspapers are determined that the United States shall be less tolerant of the minority, however impotent, than England or Germany. But the facts in these cases are not clear; there is even a suggestion that the authorities have been not altogether ingenuous in the presentation of facts. On top of this came protests from three such strong members of the faculty as Messrs. John Dewey, Beard, and Robinson, and now Professor Beard resigns because he will no longer stay on a faculty dominated by trustees "who have no standing in the world of education, who are reactionary and visionless in politics, narrow and mediæval in religion." Professor Dewey declares the action of the trustees to be "degrading." Plainly, we have here not only a great academic sensation, but the need for more light. No more important university issue has yet been raised in America.

We are aware of the difficulties involved in the personalities of the two dismissed professors. If Mr. Dana has said half the things attributed to him by hostile reporters, he is lacking in discretion, to say the least. As for Professor Cattell, he has admittedly long been a thorn in President Butler's side. But granting that they are known as "difficult characters to deal with," the question still is what have they done to merit their expulsion? Were they really guilty of sedition, or merely bad taste, or were they, in the exercise of their undoubted right to their own political opinions, sacrificed to the spirit of intolerance which has been so amazing a phenomenon of our entering the world war on behalf of democracy and democratic ideals? Professor Cattell declares that he did not urge that our troops should not be sent to France, but only that conscientious objectors to war should be kept at home. Where does the truth lie? Obviously, some third party ought to establish the facts. Columbia must not object if the trustees' position is viewed with skepticism when it recalls the hasty action they took in constituting an inquisition into professorial views last spring only to beat an equally hasty retreat when the faculty showed fight—it was currently reported that an entire section would have walked out had the trustees persisted.

This Columbia episode is of all the greater importance because we Americans have been dwelling with such just reprobation upon certain German efforts to suppress the minority opinion there, and because there are other cases to cause genuine concern for academic freedom here at home. Thus, a professor in the University of Minnesota has been ousted for his war views by the Board of Regents—on order of the State Defence Council of Minnesota, a body which has been sufficiently autocratic and overbearing to please the Kaiser. The University of Nebraska's faculty has been similarly assailed by the Defence Council in its State, and at present there is a great deal of pressure being brought to bear upon still another Western university for the dismissal of a teacher whose sole offence is that he attended the meeting of the People's Council in Chicago. He took no part in the proceedings—which, by the way, must have been legal, however they may have seemed unwise or ill-timed, since not a single arrest was made by the hordes of secret-service agents, city detectives, militia, etc., who thronged Chicago for the express purpose of arresting anybody who in the slightest degree transgressed the law. But the mere fact of his presence in Chicago is now made the ground for demanding this teacher's removal, although not one in twenty of the protestants, it is safe to say, has the remotest idea what the People's Council's programme was, what it was really striving for, and whether it was loyal or not. Incidentally, it may be added that one must go far back in American journalism to find another instance of such flagrantly malicious reporting as vented itself upon this ill-fated and ill-managed convention.

Obviously, the question of these professors merges into the general question as to what right the minority has to be heard in war-time. We have not learned that any of them are guilty of disloyalty or that they have deliberately tried to impede the Government's carrying on of the war. But like the Christian Pacifists—a group of clergymen and church-workers, without any political motives—whose peace meeting in *a private house* in Pasadena was violently broken up last week by uniformed Home Guards, just as anti-slavery meetings were dispersed seventy years ago contrary to all law and decency, so to-day American professors who would treat of the war contrary to prevailing opinion do so at their peril. They cannot be restricted to a given area like Bertrand Russell; dismissal is the one penalty, whether the offence be great or small. And it is just because the right to free speech must be upheld, throughout the country, that these professorial cases become so important.

If freedom of legitimate criticism is denied within college walls—as it may be denied in Congress—it will not be safe anywhere. If councils of defence can order the removal of professors they dislike, why should chambers of commerce, merchants' associations, and the commercial travellers' societies hesitate to lay down what they think should be taught in war or in peace? A precedent like the one established in Minnesota is so far-reaching and so ominous as to call for a new and a rigid definition of the rights of a teacher to express himself in times of stress and for the utmost resistance if the case in point proves to be as indefensible as is affirmed. As matters stand now if another James Russell Lowell were to compose another "Biglow Papers," he would probably be denied the mails in

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case he went so far as to repeat the famous line, "And ez for war I call it murder," and then be dismissed outright. For the sake of all concerned, the limits of academic freedom should be defined as soon as possible.

Americans surely do not wish to be as illiberal and intolerant as the Prussians, to whose abominable philosophy and criminal war actions every honest American, be he pacifist or militarist, is absolutely opposed. For instance, Prof. F. G. Nicolai, of the University of Berlin, a convinced pacifist, was deprived of his rank in the medical reserve corps because of his views, and was severely criticised for refusing to sign that disgraceful statement of the 93 German professors which dealt so terrible a blow to the standing of German universities and their teachers. He opposed this document and the prevailing trend in Berlin and, together with Prof. Albert Einstein and Privy Councillor Wilhelm Förster, circulated—without success—one of a totally different character. In Professor Förster's case he has been so openly outspoken against the war and the war policies of the Kaiser as to have been boycotted by all his associates, many of whom signed a petition asking for his removal. He is said to be living in Switzerland.

Shall it be said of the United States, the champion of democracy, that its academic authorities are going to be equally unwise and ungenerous in this war to carry democracy to Germany?

The Nation's Eyes on New York

WHETHER or not New York city appreciates its good fortune in having Mayor Mitchel at the head of its affairs, there is no doubt how the country feels about it. "The results of the reform Administration in New York city," remarked the Boston *Transcript*, a few days ago, "have been so splendid that it would be nothing less than a political crime for the action of the Repubicans as a party to put Tammany Hall back in power." This from a Republican journal! It would be easy to parallel the quotation by utterances of a hundred representative newspapers in all sections of the land. For four years they have been pointing to the former stronghold of Tweed and Croker as the outstanding example of honest and efficient municipal government in the United States. New Yorkers who only a little while ago blushed for the name of their city might blush now in a happier confusion if they had presented to them a collection of the comments that have been made upon editorial pages outside of New York since John Purroy Mitchel went into the City Hall. What was once a byword among even American cities for misgovernment and maladministration has for a quadrennium enjoyed the distinction of being hailed throughout the nation as a leader in American municipal progress.

Recent events have enhanced this distinction. Philadelphia has seldom been an aspirant for such honors, but her latest bit of political history, murder at a primary, with her Mayor charged with guilty knowledge concerning it, has recalled public attention to her shame. Boston, less often in the limelight in either a creditable or a discreditable attitude, has caught her Mayor in a false explanation of how he came by enough money to build a mansion; while Chicago still has on her hands a Mayor who has done as much as one official could do to tarnish the reputation that ever since the days of her "boodlers" she has been striving with marked success to win. No New Yorker worthy of his city would point to these other cities in a spirit of superior scorn, but we say no more than their representative citizens have said with increasing frequency of late when we declare that a comparison of Administrations in our half-dozen largest cities would leave New York with little for which to apologize and with much of which to be proud. At a moment when the Mayor of almost every other municipality in the country that is usually thought of as in her class has made himself notorious, her Mayor stands invested with new renown. The dignity with which he spoke the welcome of New York to the successive embassies from the Old World is matched by the courage with which he has faced a muddled political situation.

It follows as a matter of course that the country is watching the campaign in New York. But it follows also that the country is watching it in a somewhat different state of mind from that which is being attributed to it. It may be that Mitchel's reëlection will be interpreted as demonstrating that New York is "loyal"; his defeat as proving that the largest city in the country is against the war. But the real issue that is being fought out is not international. Whether Mitchel's reëlection is seized upon as showing the sentiment in New York regarding the war, or not, one thing it will without any question be acclaimed as evincing, and that is the settled preference of the metropolis for decent government and the ability to recognize it when it has it. Correspondingly, in the event of Mitchel's defeat. New Yorkers may know how to make allowance for the untoward occurrences that have thrown obstacles in the way of a clear choice between good and bad, but to the country the failure to continue Mitchel's Administration in power will seem a betrayal of the city, a setback for good government more disheartening than the refusal of Philadelphia to continue the policies of the only Mayor *sans peur et sans reproche* it had had in decades.

It is in this sense that the New York election is truly national. In this sense it is indeed a supreme test of Americanism, for it is a decision between the foul thing that besmirched America's repute abroad as a self-governing people, and the nobler order that we have dared to believe was the real aspiration of the American soul. The election is not in its main aspect a campaign for or against a foreign foe. It is a campaign to preserve the ground that we have won from a domestic foe that has nothing to learn in the way of impudence and dishonor from a veritable Hun. It is a campaign to keep the banner of respectable government flying, to consolidate the territory captured from the forces to whom the richest city of the New World is a Golconda for plunder. It is not a battle that concerns us alone. Whether we realize it or not, the nation is watching the contest in this aspect with the keenest interest. For the fortunes of American cities in general are to some extent bound up with it. The victory of Mitchel and his associates will strengthen the ranks of those who are fighting for better administration in Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston; their defeat will make the struggle harder, not only here, but wherever people have learned to look up to New York. In Mitchel for the moment are embodied the hopes of all who would redeem American cities permanently from the shame that has been theirs, the shame that is no longer theirs in the same degree, partly because of four clean years in New York's City Hall.

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Prospects of the Irish Convention

WHEN the present writer lived in Belfast five years ago, Sinn Fein counted for next to nothing. It was known that a little knot of men with headquarters in Dublin kept up a tone of *intransigeance* towards all things British, spoke of withdrawing all the Irish members from Westminster, declared that they would never accept Home Rule as an Act of United Kingdom legislation, but would assume it as the right of a sovereign nationality. Few people heeded them. A constituency could no more have been carried on the Sinn Fein platform than on the platform of Vegetarianism or of Anti-Vaccination. But within the last few months, in four widely separated districts, it is the republican ticket that has led the polls. No speeches comparable to those by which Mr. de Valera was recommended to East Clare had been heard at an Irish election within living memory. One of his lieutenants spoke of the certainty that the Central Powers would win the war, and of the blessings which this would bring to Ireland.

What proportion of the Irish people are in sympathy with this? No one can now tell. Even on the eve of the poll the *Freeman's Journal* said that omens were good for the Nationalist nominee, showing us how little the *Freeman* knew about the omens. The last few months have brought a great disillusionment. In town after town of the south and west bands paraded, processions marched, houses were decorated, tar barrels blazed to celebrate the Sinn Fein victory. Mr. de Valera says that nine-tenths of the Irish people are with him, a statement obviously absurd. But his return has been rejoiced over by places at which we have to stare in amazement. Wexford, for example, was among the more ardent recruiting centres in the first year of the war; but Wexford was *en fête* for Mr. de Valera. Among the most disquieting features is the fact that the bishops' inhibition against the political activity of priests was disregarded, and that what is beginning to call itself "Young Ireland" has erected the banner of red revolution with the younger clergy leading the van.

In a word, a great area of the Irish nation, the more menacing because it is so far incalculable, has openly declared that it places no further hope in Parliamentary methods, but relies upon violence alone. Carsonite "Ulster," as we know, has been proclaiming this for five or six years. The south has followed suit. Until a different temper can be instilled, all the reports of all the conventions that can be held will be waste paper. By some means the awful lesson in the expediency of armed revolt which the Ulster "Covenanters" were the first to teach so well must be untaught and unlearned. And it seems but too probable that it will prove harder to lay the devil than it was to raise him. For unless writers everywhere have conspired to caricature the Irish, there is in that people some special element of passion, of turbulence, of eagerness to cut Gordian knots with the sword. They are impatient of a slow process. Wordsworth might have said of them more fitly than of his own phlegmatic kindred:

> Born of a race whose very name appeared
> To license some unruliness of mind.

If other nations have the defects of their qualities the Irish have, no doubt, by common acknowledgment, the redeeming generosities which go with rashness. Call it Celtic impulse if you will. It is a disposition that hurries, that leads to extremes, that prompts men to "catch the nearest way." But for thirty years the National leaders had frowned on it, had schooled and disciplined their followers to self-restraint, had taught peaceful agitation for a peaceful reform. And until five years ago this teaching had been effective. But what was to be looked for in a people predisposed to violence when the thing we call Carsonism had manifestly *succeeded?* When arguments and contentions that were brushed aside in debate became irresistible to a British Government as soon as they were backed by seventy-five thousand rifles? When British statesmen were willing to eat their own words and to place the arch offender in charge of a great department of state? If Ulster was not to be coerced into obeying the Government of Ireland Act (1914) was the rest of Ireland to be coerced into preserving the Act of Union (1880)? What made the latter more binding than the former? The main difference known to historians is that Mr. Asquith's bill was honestly passed by a representative assembly, while Lord Castlereagh's bill was obtained in an assembly quite unrepresentative by shameless bribes. Threats had been found to win, and the Sinn Feiners drew the inference that they must threaten too. Perhaps something spectacular was needed, something to show that it was more than bluff. Well, something spectacular was provided in Easter week. Once more it is true that the beginning of sin is like the letting out of water. The crimes of Easter week were appalling, and this is no effort to palliate them. The present writer, who loves the country of his birth, and loves British citizenship no less, can scarcely distinguish in his detestation between those whose criminal folly in Dublin brought Ireland into disgrace and those whose criminal levity in Belfast kept open the wound that was about to heal in the British brotherhood of peoples. He believes whole-heartedly in a self-governing Ireland within the Empire. But it is a nice question for the casuist to apportion blame between him who sets and him who develops a precedent. The wretched phrase about "political offenders" has been used on one side as a cover for the cold-blooded butchery of inoffensive policemen in the Dublin streets. But the men who with pietistic words upon their lips incited the rank and file in Ulster to hypothetical treason should have the common decency to cast no stones at a Sinn Fein fanatic. Nor is this article designed as any reproach to the *bona fides* of the Asquith Cabinet. That Cabinet meant well; none has meant better by Ireland for a hundred years. It sincerely believed that by ignoring seditious language it would avert seditious acts. It forgot ulterior consequences, and perhaps for a time it lost its nerve. But its mistake seems to us now, wise perhaps after the event, to have been one which a child could have detected.

What is the moral of all this for the present Convention? The moral is surely this, that all the scheming and planning for terms of agreement is mere detail compared with the fundamental task of recreating an atmosphere without which no agreement can have the slightest chance. One heard much about the immense issues that turn on the choice of a judicious chairman for the Convention; about the need for a spirit of give and take among the delegates; about finesse and tactics, and checks and balances; about making sure that you get really representative men on the work o

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drafting the constitution; about giving a due voice to every shade of opinion! The real problem is none of these. It is a problem that would remain intractable though each of these were settled to-morrow in the most triumphantly diplomatic fashion. It is this: how shall we put out of the minds of the Irish race that criminal nonsense which Ulster clergymen, and business leaders, and lawyers, and "statesmen" have instilled on the one side, which Sinn Fein *littérateurs*, and ultramontane priests, and Dublin syndicalists have preached on the other, namely, that Acts of Parliament constitutionally passed may be "resisted unto blood" by anyone who pretends a conscientious objection to them? It is to this *impasse* that Ireland has been brought by the machinations of those who six years ago began the demoralizing of her civic life. And this under the ægis of the Mother of Parliaments!

Granted that the Convention drafts a scheme of substantial agreement. Granted that this scheme is found by some method—by referendum or otherwise—to be in harmony with the wishes of a substantial majority of the Irish people. What we need, if it is to be other than a scrap of paper, is—*absit omen*—a new and unexampled Coercion Act, imposing penalties of real terror on such as shall make the slightest attempt to defeat it by violence. And your Coercion Act must be *impartial*. If a Protestant bishop goes out with the old recklessness to quote Scripture in support of imbruing one's hands in the blood of Roman Catholics, his mitre must not save him. If a "poet of the Irish Revival" disseminates verses about the harp without the crown he must not be excused as an "idealist." The time is a stern one. The bedevilling of the public mind has gone on so long that it cannot be reversed without sharp remedies. The lesson has to be retaught, both in Belfast and in Ennis, that the law must be obeyed until it is changed. Shame on us that at this time of day such a lesson should have to be learned anew. Above all, men like Sir Edward Carson and Lord Lansdowne, on whose conscience there must surely rest at this hour an unenviable burden, must meet the followers whom they led so far astray, and must tell them in terms which cannot be misunderstood, that no support from any British party can be promised to those who appeal to force. That was a bitter phrase in Casement's speech from the dock when he spoke of Ireland as having been made a tool in the "mean bid for place and power." Its sting lay in its unquestionable truth. Every one knows that without the assurance that English Unionists were "with them to the end," the seditious Ulster campaigners would never have gone on with their unholy work. And every one knows why that assurance was given. No doubt the men who gave it did not foresee the lengths to which their miserable tactics would conduct them. But having seen the consequence, having seen that by their connivance the horrors of the Irish situation to-day were made possible, if they have any imperial patriotism left they will offer such reparation as they can. Men say it is now for the Irish to work out their own salvation. So they will, once they are made to believe that no great English party will again attempt to carve its way back to power by aggravating the differences of a race against which they have so deeply sinned. It is upon the sincerity with which English leaders repudiate all expectations of help to the seditious, either northern or southern, upon the sincerity with which they enact for themselves this self-denying ordinance, that the chief hope of Irish settlement depends.

HERBERT L. STEWART

Russian Pessimism in Action

THE story of the last seven months in Russia compels a reëxamination of the recognized formulas concerning the interplay of life and literature. We cannot, to-day, read through the brief study in unrelieved pessimism which Mr. Alexander S. Kaun has contributed to this number of the *Nation* in the form of a review of the writings of Leonid Andreyev without being beset by questions and doubts which would not have arisen before March of this year. Up to that moment we would have accepted the author of "Anathema," "Savva," and "The Life of Man," as typically Russian in his futile beatings against the prison walls of destiny, in his wailings and curses, and not the least in his ultimate resignation to a nihilism of will, affections, reason. To raise questions for which there is supposedly no answer is "typically" Russian. To plunge into a spiritual chaos where good is evil and evil is good, where reason is madness and frenzy is enlightenment, and the end of all things is dust and ashes, and the only succor is in annihilation—this is "typically" Russian. In sum, to see energy spending itself in self-torment instead of fruition, is "typically" Russian, especially in these later years when Dostoievsky and his descendants have pushed from the scene the humanly recognizable figures of Tolstoy and Turgenev.

To-day we are called upon to explain how, from this Slav soul, so sickly with thought, there has come an outburst of energy which, in the space of half a year, has thrown the thoughts and ideals of the civilized world into ferment, and whose impress, we all recognize, will be written deep on the face of the new world that is to come after the war. More concretely, we must explain how a people untrained to practical effort and profoundly convinced of the futility of action has been able to cope with one of the most stupendous tasks that has ever confronted a nation; namely, to carry on simultaneously a great Revolution and a great War. We must explain why Leonid Andreyev is "typical" of Russia, not only in spirit, but by the test of popularity. Our reviewer tells us that Andreyev has from the beginning of his career kept his hold on a vast public and that his books are a record of the problems and perplexities which have successively beset the "intelligent" classes of Russia during the last twenty years. Yet the hardest task imaginable for some visitor from Mars who had not had access to the newspapers since the beginning of last March would be to put him through a course of Andreyev and then have him predict the Russian revolution.

Before that great event there was a standard explanation for the typical helplessness and hopelessness of the Russian soul as revealed in the national literature. It was the autocracy. Choked off from all participation in the political life, and from all opportunities for fruitful social activity; hampered even in the search for an outlet in the industrial occupations and the professions by a despotism jealous of all signs of "progress," the energy of successive generations was turned back on itself. It was relegated to the inner forum. The Czarism consented to set the soul apart as a "Pale" for the best elements of the national life. A writer in this journal has recently summed up the case: For itself the autocracy reserved the privilege of action without thought; to the people it granted the privilege of thought without action. In the infinity of a

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world of ideas uncharted by experience, the Russian soul lost its bearings. It fell a victim to the melancholy and despair of empty space. Condemned to the bleak Siberia of abstract thought without action, it acquired the habit of dealing in joyless ultimates, and in particular the one disheartening ultimate. Why? That is the one question which rings throughout Dostoievsky, Gorky, Andreyev, and even Tchekhov; which Tolstoy kept asking with greater intensity as he grew older; which is not absent in Turgenev. Why do I eat, drink, sleep, love, live? Persistently applied to so material a fact as a six-course dinner by the most commonplace of *bourgeois*, this question can lead to despair and madness. Add to this the yearning which must have come to the exiled Russian spirit for the normal life of citizenship and social effort. Sigmund Freud will find some day in the psychology of the Russian people, as portrayed in its literature, a gigantic demonstration of suppressed desire eventuating in hysteria.

Such is the familiar psychoanalysis of the Russian soul as depicted in the "typical" Russian literature, say, in Leonid Andreyev. But if we ask again how this sickly spirit could have produced the Revolution, then the answer must be one of three. Either there was miraculously born in the early months of 1917 a new spirit of Russian energy, daring, and purpose, whose coming Andreyev, for all his receptivity to new popular currents, did not foresee, though his latest writings are dated in the present year. Or else the Revolution is an isolated phenomenon which calls for no other explanation than an immediate mechanical one, like the twitch of a frog's leg under the electric current, without antecedent, and without consequences if the stimulus—the war—is removed. Or else Russian literature to a very considerable degree has been misrepresenting Russian life, and the Russian spirit is not quite the complex of futile purposes and unsustained energies with which we have been made familiar. Of the three answers to the problem I prefer the last as being more in accordance with probabilities and in consonance with the outstanding facts of Russian history during the last fifty years. I find it hard to believe that the extremely purposeful and energetic Bolsheviki of Petrograd sprang overnight from the neurotic generation that lives in Andreyev. I find it still harder to think that the Revolution is a purely mechanical reaction to the great war, without spiritual preparedness and without the seeds of life in it. Much the simpler explanation is to say that the Russian people has a more enduring enthusiasm and a greater discipline for practical life than its writers have credited it with.

For sustained purpose the world historian may yet be compelled to search hard for a parallel to the revolutionary movement in Russia, from Karakazov's revolver-shot against the person of Alexander II in 1866 to the abdication of Nicholas II half a century later. During these fifty years of struggle there were periods of revolutionary stagnation and discouragement, but there was never truce with the autocracy. One can follow up the filiation from the primitive Nihilism of the years preceding the Emancipation of the serfs in 1861, through the educational pilgrimage "to the People" after the Emancipation, through organized Terrorism culminating in the death of Alexander II, through the sporadic terrorism under his son and successor when the revolutionary movement was at its ebb, through the reconstructive process of theory and methods carried on in Switzerland and France, through the labor-union movement which sprang up in the early nineties of the last century, through the rise of the revolutionary peasant party, through the revival of organized terrorism during the first years of the present century, through the revolution of 1905 and the conquest of a semblance of constitutional government, through the events of the last dozen years, upon which it is not necessary to dwell. Here is plain evidence of a persistent energy which might compare favorably with the blank reaction to which the German people submitted after the disappointments of 1849, and the French for twenty years after the coup d'état of 1852. This fifty-year war against autocracy without an armistice has its living symbol and proof in the person of Katharine Breshkovsky, whose life spans the entire period from the People's movement of 1870 to the present day. Incidentally, in the eternally youthful soul of that indomitable woman, a type of the Russian women who have served by thousands in the ranks of the revolution, one may find a commentary upon, and an antidote to, the neuroticisms of Andreyev and his kind.

In particular the history of the twelve years from the Red Sunday of January, 1905, to the Revolution of last March supplies the necessary refutation to the legend of Russian incapacity for sustained, patient, purposive effort. Constitutional government was won in 1905 by a sudden display of mass action for which the history of the last fifty years shows no parallel in any other country. That general strike which other peoples have cherished as a theory, the Russian people put into effect. Three days of national boycott was enough to wrest a charter of liberties from the Czar, and if that be considered too short a period for a test of national capacity, it is still true that by such supreme manifestations the value of an individual or a nation is usually judged. There came black reaction after the dissolution of the first Duma in 1906; but it was reaction rather in the price of blood which the autocracy exacted than in the total failure of the conquests of the revolution. The Constitution was manhandled and the Duma was fettered, yet the Duma remained, a reminder that the liberties won by a people and partly lost might be reconquered. And the Duma was more than a symbol. From the Duma, during the eventful winter which preceded the Revolution, came the preparatory drum fire against the trenches of autocracy, which yielded so easily to the rush of the labor masses of Petrograd.

The winning over of the Petrograd garrison might be regarded, perhaps, as one of those dramatic events for which no special strategy or preparation is necessary; though, as a matter of fact, secret propaganda among the troops had made it easier for the soldiers to refuse to fire on the crowd. What cannot be explained away is the foresight and energy with which the army on the front was won over and consolidated for the Revolution. On this point we must put aside all regrets for the unfortunate effect of the democratization of the army on Russia's rôle in the war, and look objectively at the task which the Revolution set itself—to win the army permanently for freedom. Certainly there was no "typical" Russian slackness about Order No. 1, of the Provisional Government, which brushed away the old military discipline. There was no lack of energy in the horde of revolutionary propagandists that invaded the trenches, or in the now famous Soviets—the Councils of Workers and Soldiers—which sprang up in every town of the Empire and took the machinery of government into their hands. These

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very manifestations which we regard, perhaps with some justification, as hampering the work of the Revolution, the councils and congresses of workers and soldiers, the peasant congresses, the congresses of the various nationalities with their perfected programmes and tactics, all testify to years of preliminary organization as well as theorizing, to a purposiveness and an energy for which we find no explanation in Andreyev.

In conclusion I find myself thinking that if the spirit of a nation finds expression in its great men, future generalizers on Russian literature as the mirror of Russian life will have to stretch their formulas to account for Alexander Kerensky. It is not necessary to exaggerate the potency or the wisdom of the man in order to detect in him just the opposite mental and moral endowment of the "typical" Russian of the new literature. Purposiveness and steadfastness have guided his acts from the first day of the Revolution. Having set himself the task of saving the Revolution through the united effort of all progressive national elements, and having determined that he must attain that unity through forbearance and not through violence, he has held fast to his belief with a shrewd yielding to need and an underlying obstinacy which call up Abraham Lincoln amidst the clamor of the much stronger and cleverer men who knew just how the thing should be done. Kerensky's threats have been harsher than his acts. But so far events justify us in calling it statesmanship and not weakness; practical statesmanship illuminated by an idealism which may be Russian, but revealing no symptoms of the crippled Slav will to live and do.

As to the question why a people which has won its liberties after a struggle of fifty years, and why generations of men and women who have gone resolutely into exile and to the scaffold, should have come to be depicted in their literature as a nation of disorganized minds and souls, some one with fuller knowledge and more space at his command than the present writer will have to find the answer. Pessimists aflame with a world gospel; neurotics sitting in court-martial on army commanders—that is the anomaly to be explained.

SIMEON STRUNSKY

Leonid Andreyev*

THERE is a legend current among Russian writers of a mysterious ring which has been passing from one great author to another as a symbol of supremacy and leadership. Turgenev (1818-1883), who inherited that ring from Pushkin (1799-1837), is said to have bequeathed it to Tolstoy (1828-1910). With the latter the heroic cycle of Russian novelists came to a close; there have been no rightful claimants for the "ring" among contemporary writers, whose nervous, impressionistic productions appear pale and shallow, meteoric and transitory, when compared with the masterpieces of the "glorious pléiade" of the nineteenth century.

Among the writers of this post-heroic period Leonid Andreyev (born in 1871) occupies the most conspicuous place, in respect to popularity and influence. Though comparatively young, he has enjoyed the reputation of a "mind-dictator" in his country for nearly two decades, a reputation which has developed crescendo, unlike the transient and waning fame of Gorky and Artsibashev, or the partial and narrow success of Kuprin and Sologub. Since 1898 he has been ringing the tocsin of national consciousness, reacting upon every burning problem of the day, stirring the minds of his contemporaries to discontent, to analysis, to revolt, voicing the entire gamut of modern unrest and skepticism. His unrelieved pessimism has had a powerful influence upon the moods of the young "intelligentsia"; prominent publicists have indicated Andreyev's responsibility for sporadic cases of suicide and insanity among Russian students, that susceptible audience of earnest men and women who look upon their favorite writer as a prophet and teacher, and expect him to solve their problems for them.

But Andreyev does not solve problems, he only raises questions, and leaves them in nearly all cases unanswered. He points out the futility of even asking questions. Life is a wall, solid and impenetrable, at which thinking men crush their skulls in impotent rage and despondency ("The Wall"). Thought is the scourge of man; it whips him on to analyze and query, it reveals a substratum of apparent reality, and drives him into solitude, diffidence, insanity, suicide, but it also lashes him to everlasting mutiny and discontent. These motives are dominant in Andreyev's works. Already in his early stories ("At the Window," "Sergey Petrovich," "Thought") we are made aware of the chaos which lurks beneath incautious thought, of the bottomless abyss which threatens to swallow up one who thinks "to the end." Dr. Kerzhentzev, the hero of the story "Thought" (translated under the title "A Dilemma"), presents an intense interpretation of Andreyev's motive, exhibiting a mind outraged by subtle reasoning to the point of losing all brakes, speeding headlong into mental darkness and confusion. At this time the author is a bold disciple of Dostoievsky, employing his master's keen analytical scalpel for laying open man's "tragedy of intellect." Like Dostoievsky, the earlier Andreyev is fond of pathology, of vivisecting morbid individuals and emphasizing abnormal psychology at the expense of the normal; but he has none of Dostoievsky's elements of pity and compassion, of his broad love for the "humiliated and insulted," of his sympathetic and hopeful attitude towards sinners and perverts. Andreyev's half-demented characters profess hopeless pessimism; they have faith neither in themselves nor in others, and consider life sheer futility.

Literary success placed broader responsibilities upon the young writer. The public idolized him, regarded him as a master, and consequently expected of him a greater message, a greater guidance. Andreyev succumbed to the popular clamor, expanded the horizons of his artistic outlook, and enlarged the scope of his subject-matter, substituting types for characters, universal psychology for individual, cosmic pessimism for personal. The new "enlarged" Andreyev delighted the big public with his panoramic canvases on which began to appear God, Man, Life, Death, War, Hunger, Thought, and similar abstractions. But the author won his

*_The Seven Who Were Hanged._ Ogilvie Company, New York, 1909.
Silence, and Other Stories. Griffith, London, 1910.
Anathema. Macmillan, New York, 1910.
A Dilemma. Brown Brothers, Philadelphia, 1910.
Judas Iscariot, and Other Stories. Griffith, London, 1910.
Savva; Life of Man. Mitchell Kennerley, New York, 1914.
The Black Maskers; Life of Man; The Sabine Women. Scribner's, New York, 1915.
The Red Laugh. Duffield, New York, 1915.
The Little Angel, and Other Stories. Knopf, New York, 1915.
The Crushed Flower, and Other Stories. Knopf, New York, 1917.

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greater popularity at the expense of his art. The clever psychologist of individual suffering and morbidity appeared somewhat flat and banal as soon as he attempted to cope with universal problems: for this he lacked the philosophical background and artistic genius of a Goethe or a Maeterlinck.

"He is trying to scare me, but I am not afraid." In these words Tolstoy defined Andreyev, and such indeed has been the attitude of more critical readers towards the shrieking horrors of the "apostle of gloom." Too monotonously black is the author's conception of life, too calamitous and catastrophic his presentation of man's fate, too frequent his refrain, "madness and horror!" ("The Red Laugh"). The opening paragraph of "The Life of Father Vasily Fiveysky" may well be applied to nearly all of Andreyev's characters:

> All of priest Fiveysky's life was weighed down by a cruel and enigmatic fatality. As if struck by an unknown malediction, he had from his youth been made to carry a heavy burden of sorrows, sickness, and misfortunes; he was solitary among men as a planet is among planets; a peculiar and malevolent atmosphere surrounded him.

The tragedy of Father Fiveysky is a combination of Job and of Brand, but Andreyev lacks the force, subtlety, and reserve of Ibsen, let alone of the Hebrew poet; hence the tragedy, although fraught with terrible misfortunes, appears petty and thin. Father Vasily rebels ultimately against God; so do many of Andreyev's spokesmen, but their God is not the Cosmic Power of Job, nor the uncompromising Supreme Principle of Brand: rather a sort of German official expected to mete out reward and punishment according to a precise system of double-entry bookkeeping. The priest, whose life has been continuous suffering, in the end demands reward for his faith. God who has drowned his son, who has driven his wife to drink and dementia, who has given him a second son, an idiot, conceived in madness and intoxication, is called upon to appear and testify that His servant, Vasily, has stood the test. Otherwise—

> Thou wishest to deceive me? Then why did I believe? Why hast thou kept me in servitude, in captivity, all my life? No free thought! No feeling! No hope! All with Thee! All for Thee! Thee alone! Well, appear! I am waiting! I am waiting! . . . Ah, Thou dost not wish to? Very well. . . .

And the little protestant loses his reason and dies. Andreyev is fond of employing the device of limited artists, in letting death solve all his difficulties.

The motive of the futility of man's efforts in face of the unknown Power is repeated with more bitterness in the drama "The Life of Man." Here Andreyev resolutely departs from realism. The problems he undertakes to discuss have become too broad and eternal for realistic boundaries; they can be treated only schematically, symbolically. Man, Woman, Fate—become now the dramatis personæ on a stage which pretends to signify the world. Even God is eliminated, as too definite a conception; instead—Someone in Gray, a massive stolid Being, indifferently watching the cycle of Man's life doomed to failure and tragedy. In this modernized morality play the conflict, old as the world, appears petty, and in places vulgar and banal, as in the case of "Father Vasily." It is the familiar story of man acquiring love, fame, wealth, then losing these, and—cursing. Whom? Man does not know. "I know not who are you, God, the Devil, Fate, or Life—I curse you":

> Fetter my lips with the clamps of death, and my last thought shall be a cry into your ass's ears, "Be accursed, be accursed!" Seize upon my corpse, gnaw it like a dog, worry it in the darkness—I am not within it. I have vanished, and, vanishing, I repeat the curse, "Be accursed, be accursed!" . . . I hurl upon you the curse of Man!

Thus Andreyev proclaims man's victory in adopting Schopenhauer's maxim of killing one's will to live. He does not consider this "non-acceptance" theory hopeless pessimism. In one of his essays he says, somewhat obscurely: "In denying everything one arrives immediately at symbols. In refuting life one is but an involuntary apologist. I never believe so much in life as when I am reading the father of pessimism, Schopenhauer. As a result life is powerful and victorious. . . . It is truth that always triumphs, and not falsehood; it is truth which is at the basis of life, and justifies it." Thus thought, the scourge of mankind, is in reality a blessing; no matter that it reveals to us the underlying futility of life, that it drives us to despair, madness, suicide—it bears a promise of finding the eternal, absolute truth. Great is the prize we have to pay for this promise; moreover, it is doubtful whether we can ever attain truth, but Andreyev justifies searching thought as the essence of man's existence. Gentle Christ's all-forgiving acceptance of the world is not sufficient in itself to save mankind. In a quaint sketch, "Judas Iscariot and Others," Andreyev depicts Jesus's antipode, Judas, the merciless critic, the thoroughgoing analytic, and in him, the traitor, he points out the potential complement of the Crucified. Sternly Judas observes to the mourning Mother: "Thou weepest, mother? Weep, weep, and long will all the mothers upon earth weep with thee: until I come with Jesus and destroy death." A curious synthesis, that combination of artistic spontaneity with analytical keenness, of the charitable Aye with the relentless Nay.

Until that synthesis is attained, the problem of life cannot be solved. This is the motive of Andreyev's later works. The writer refutes Christianity and the teachings of Tolstoy, but neither does he accept the doctrines of Stirner and Nietzsche. "Ignis sanat," proclaims Savva, in the play of that title. He preaches universal destruction, the abolition of civilization and of all its institutions, the "cleansing of the soil." But his effort is defeated because of its one-sidedness. Savva's thought "to the end," his uncompromising rationalism, collides with the elements of suffering and faith, and is crushed at the will of the masses who wish to be saved through love rather than through reason. In the same way, the impotence of power, when not combined with truth, is shown in the confusingly symbolical "Ocean." Haggart, the personification of superman-force, is on the verge of winning Mariet, the synthesis of the brute Horre, whose only slogan is, "Beat them on the head!" and of the monomaniacal mystic, Dan. But Mariet curses Haggart, when he proves to be "human, all-too-human," by preferring the comfort of masked falsehood to the grimness of absolute truth.

Andreyev rejects any theory which tends to complacency and moral acquiescence. In spite of his popularity with the young generation, he has never flattered accepted ideals and aspirations. Already in 1902 he aroused general indignation by his audacious "Abyss," which shows youthful idealism and altruism as frail and impotent in face of the brute lurking in each of us. With the exception of his weak play, "To the Stars," which may be interpreted as pro-revolutionary, he has expressed little faith in the prevailing social tendencies of his time. The momentary triumph of the people in 1905 brought forth from him a melancholy comment in "Thus It Hath Been . . ." where he doubts the idealism

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of the masses: it is not freedom they love, "they only fear the lash." American theatre-goers will recall the "Sabine Women," that virulent satire on the "legalistic" party of Milyukov, the Constitutional-Democrats. His contempt for individual perfection and loftiness is as strong as his skepticism in regard to reform parties and mass movements. "It is a shame to be good when there is so much evil around," cries the prostitute to the revolutionary; and the saintly altruist is convinced of the truth of her words ("Darkness"). In "My Memoirs" (for some reason translated under the title "The Man Who Found the Truth"), Andreyev bitterly derides the goodly wiseacres who "accept" life. Many readers have seen in that satire a caricature of Tolstoy. Indeed, one is tempted to suspect that the author has used the apostle of non-resistance as a prototype for the old sophist who preaches the "doctrine of the iron grate," "a simple, sober, honest, mathematical formula . . . a scheme in which are placed all the laws guiding the universe, which do away with chaos, substituting in its place strict, iron, inviolable order." The old man voluntarily places himself in a cell, and hires an experienced jailer to keep him in strict solitary confinement. "The soul of man, believing itself free and constantly suffering from this spurious freedom, is demanding fetters for itself," is the fundamental principle of the hermit, and he recommends it to all those who are weary of doubting and questioning, who thirst for peace and repose.

But to Andreyev peace of mind means death. His restless, passionate thought knows no boundaries, no "grates," defies all fetters, and rushes on, to the unknown, perhaps unknowable, "in painful quest after the eternally elusive." "Anathema," in the play of the same name, is the epitome of all Andreyev's thought-afflicted characters. He is particularly akin to Judas Iscariot, and we find in the words and even motions of the "someone accursed" a close resemblance to those of the "traitor." But after all it is the artist himself whose voice we hear in the vehement outcries at the iron Gates, beyond which "in silence and mystery dwells the Beginning of every being, the Supreme Wisdom of the universe." It is Andreyev who crawls in dust before the relentless Guardian of the Gates, the *alter ego* of Someone in Gray, cringing for one glance at the Beyond, that he may "know, and become a God, become a God, a God!"

Only once did Andreyev deviate from his consistent method of proving the futility of human life and mind—in his "Story of the Seven Who Were Hanged." This may be considered his masterpiece. It has none of his usual defects—exaggerated horror and crude allegory, and yet, or rather because of this, the story grips the reader more powerfully than "The Red Laugh," or "The Life of Man," or any of his "frightfulnesses." That story has done more towards the spread of universal opposition to capital punishment than Tolstoy's "I cannot be silent." And curiously enough, the tragedy of the seven doomed lives does not leave us despondent and pessimistic, but on the contrary, braces us and inspires us with faith in man. Andreyev has struck a refreshing dissonance in his lugubrious symphony; he has dealt a delightful blow to his harmonious structure of hopeless pessimism, in those vigorous characters of the political "criminals," whose soaring idealism has lifted them above all questions and doubts. For once Andreyev gave an answer to his usually unanswerable question, and although after "The Seven Who Were Hanged," he has written in his former vein, we shall not forget his one beautiful, powerful Aye.

ALEXANDER S. KAUN

The New Spirit of France

MARCELLE TINAYRE, Charles le Goffic, and Henri Barbusse had some measure of reputation in France before the war, but it was overshadowed by that of their more famous contemporaries. None of the three, unless it be Barbusse, even distantly approaches the stature of such figures as Anatole France, Romain Rolland, Pierre Loti, or Maeterlinck. But they have faced the war without *arrière-pensées;* they have known how to respond to the new spirit of France; and the readers of France have responded to them. Some time ago Madame Tinayre's "La Veillée des Armes" had run into the forty-sixth edition and Le Goffic's "Dixmude" into the eighty-eighth, while Barbusse's "Le Feu" had sold more than a hundred thousand copies.

Charles le Goffic, professor, poet, and novelist, whose work, "Le Crucifié de Keraliès," crowned by the French Academy, appeared as long ago as 1892, is the most distinguished of the three. His two recent books, "Les Marais de Saint Gond" and "Dixmude," seem at first sight to be mere fragmentary bits of historical narrative, but in reality they are much more than that. Each gains artistic unity from dealing with a single decisive moment of the war, and the spirit behind each is far from that of simple history.

The former treats of the most critical phase in the battle of the Marne, the four days' struggle about the marshes of Saint-Gond where the central and most advanced portion of the German army was at last turned back. While reading the account, one feels almost as if one had been present at the ebb and flow of the great battle, with its bewildering movement of battalions and divisions, one sees the half-despairing courage of the poorly equipped French, and learns from the over-confident delays of their opponents that even the German war machine was not perfect. Well-certified reports of soldiers and civilians show that the looted cellars of the French chateaux played their part in the defeat of the invaders. But the fact that the story of the Marne, however well told, is more or less old news to every one, makes this work less valuable than its companion volume, "Dixmude."

The latter, which has been adequately translated into English, Le Goffic calls "the Epic of the Marine Fusileers." And it deserves this rather ambitious title. It relates another of the pivotal events of the war, less well known than the battle of the Marne, but no less important. In the autumn of 1914, when the lines were stretching ever further towards the north, the French Government found itself forced in default of men to send a portion of its sailors upon the land. These were the Marine Fusileers of Brittany, largely new recruits who after only two months' training were hurled forward to meet the best-trained troops in Europe. The latter, in contempt of their youthful appearance —mere boys, most of them—and of their gay head-gear, nicknamed them the "young ladies in the red pompoms." To these "young ladies" was entrusted the defence of Dixmude, the strategic point of the whole line. If Dixmude had fallen, the way would have lain open to Calais, the control of the Channel would have been lost, and Kitchener's army would never have reached France. The Marine Fusileers were commanded to hold Dixmude at all costs for four days; they held it against six times their number for four weeks! Le Goffic's book is the story of that struggle, day by day. It is a book to stir the heart. How that army, out-number-

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ed, insufficiently clothed, totally without aeroplanes, with deficient ammunition, with artillery out-distanced on every hand by that of the enemy, with spies everywhere—for they had found an easy entrance with the Belgian refugees—how that army "held" for so long a time is worth reading. In these days when we are familiar with the horrors of war, it is well to have a good old-time story of the heroism of war. The book ends with the capture of Dixmude by the Germans, too late, after the country had been flooded through the opening of the dykes, when French and British reinforcements held the banks of the Yser, and the way to the Channel was barred.

Le Goffic's account of the last hour of conflict in the streets of Dixmude is worth quoting: "Germans and French now formed nothing but a mass of shouting men. They shot each other at close quarters; they fought with their bayonets, their knives, their clubbed rifles, and when these were broken, with their fists, with their feet, even with their teeth. . . . The German columns were still pouring into Dixmude through the breaches in the defence. They pushed us back to the bridges. . . . One more attack was organized to bring off the Mauros company which was retiring under a terrible fire. The remains of several sections were brought together, and, led by their officers, they charged into the mêlée in the streets. One purple-faced sweating Marine, who had seen his brother fall, swore he would have the blood of twenty Boches. He went for them with the bayonet, counting, 'One, two, three,' etc., till he had reached twenty-two." It reads like "The Three Musketeers" come to life again. But the final words mark the difference between fiction and truth: "After that he returned to his company, a madman for life."

Madame Tinayre's "La Veillée des Armes" expresses a less conventional attitude than that of Le Goffic. It is a simple romance of Parisian life on the eve of war. Unlike most French novels, and unlike the earlier ones of Madame Tinayre in particular, it is centred upon a romance of wedded love. The hero is an army engineer; the heroine is his wife; the story, if there can be said to be a story, traces their emotions from the day when war first seems likely to the time, forty-eight hours later, when he leaves for the front. About them move other figures in whom we see the effect of the mobilization upon the soldiers, the artists, the workmen, and above all, upon the women. None but a French writer could handle such a situation with sufficient delicacy not to fall into either crudity or sentimentalism. Madame Tinayre does neither. Her work expresses tenderness, deep pathos, a subtle sense of human values, but there are no useless tears. She writes with a kind of passionate moderation and the same brave acceptance of the inevitable which the French have so uniformly shown in this war.

By far the greatest of these recent works is "Le Feu," by Henri Barbusse. It is perhaps the strongest and grimmest book yet written about the war. Dedicated "To the Memory of the Comrades fallen by my side at Crouy and on Hill 119," it is the journal of a squad, taken up after they have already been fifteen months at the front. We see them first in a second-line trench, idle, weary, their nerves unstrung from the incessant warfare, their mouths bitter, their hearts calloused. Slowly we get to know them, one by one, farmers, laborers, shopkeepers, a single Apache, all torn from their usual pursuits to a life which one and all detest. During the first part of the book, when they are never in the front line of trenches, war appears simply as some gigantic, never-ending, and, as far as the individuals are concerned, perfectly futile form of labor. They are quarrelsome and hateful towards one another, bitter towards the civilians at the rear whom they conceive of as cowardly shirks, human beings reduced to the lowest terms where their thoughts are only of the next meal and the possibility of sleep. He who receives "une blessure heureuse" which enables him to go to the hospital is universally envied. War neither ennobles nor brutalizes, it tires men out; such seems to be the message. Only when we have become acquainted with the normal life of war are we permitted to view the unusual aspects which are then seen in their due proportion. The squad comes back to the first-line trenches, and horrors begin to accumulate. There is the idyll of love, begun in the rest-camp, ending in the discovery of the girl's month-dead body; there are descriptions of a ruined village so changed that one of the soldiers born there does not recognize it, of acres of corpses lying in every sort of grotesque attitude, of the destruction of a field hospital crowded with the sick and wounded; gradually, one by one, half of the squad are killed, and each death carries its particular pang, so well has the reader come to know these men, commonplace, unheroic, but meeting death without flinching. The book ends when a successful attack followed by a heavy rain gives an hour's respite from battle during which the group of survivors, huddled together on a hillside, ask themselves the purpose of the war. Their conclusion is that to defeat Germany is not enough; only the end of war for all time will justify the misery which they have undergone.

The popularity of such a book is noteworthy. The French are realists at heart as are no other people; even in the midst of their present suffering they demand no rose-colored idealisms, but the simple truth. In none of these books is there any trace of the old theatrical love of glory; Napoleon is never mentioned; it is as if in this time of their need the French had disowned him, as the Germans may some day disown Bismarck. There is no trace of the old French gayety and wit. But in their calm, sane realism and humanism, these recent works are in the manner of the older, greater writers before the days of Parnassiens and symbolistes.

ERNEST S. BATES

Correspondence

AMERICAN FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. William MacDonald's paper in your last issue mentions prominently the slight popular feeling in this country in behalf of England as compared with that for France, and essays an explanation. The fact is so obvious, at least in my section of the country, and the causes so apparent, that I venture to offer some additional testimony in that regard.

The reasons for the enthusiasm for France need not be detailed. A country "bled white" yet rising in *morale* to an almost unexampled height needs no apology for its popularity. France did not "go in" to the war: It *was* in. England chose, and while we ardently desired, all of us, that she would choose to enter, we were all inclined to the feeling, "she would get into it, anyway, whether she should or should not." In so far as a background for the great war was admitted in the days before 1914, England was regarded as one of the principal stage carpenters.

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In the progress of the war, we heard much more of the gallantry of the Canadians and Australians than of the English soldiers. "The first hundred thousand" became small in the retrospect. On the other hand, we heard much of English political and economic squabbles—as against almost nothing of the kind from France—and "muddling through" became an American byword. I would not justify the consequent opinions, but only explain them.

Behind that, however, was a deep-seated disapproval of what Mr. MacDonald has referred to as a "land-grabber" England. "The British Empire" and "English Democracy" never seemed to be compatible terms. It was Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The brilliant expedition of Younghusband to Tibet was, after all, regarded as of a piece with the punitive voyage of a British man-of-war to some defenceless South Sea island. "The mistress of the seas" might serve us in good stead some day—as indeed she has—but we did not approve of her.

As the great war came home more and more closely to us, we felt—as to-day all America feels—that, if it shall really settle anything to justify even partially its cost, it must close one era and inaugurate another: close the era of aggressive and ambitious nationality, and open an era of world-wide "freedom" or "safety for democracy." To this, the political leaders of England did, indeed, openly subscribe: and for this, we believed, the flower of young English manhood went voluntarily to death. But what of the rest? We get no impression that this was a popular axiom in England, that it was a sort of fundamental principle of the English press. On the contrary, we doubted much; and so, apparently, did many Englishmen, as well.

Even to-day, one doubts how nearly together England and America will stand at the framing of the future articles of peace. Great as must be the charge to be laid upon Germany—too immeasurably great ever to be answered by any stipulated act—the greatest article of all must be the rectification of the false policy of nations as a whole. America feels this—is now at war in behalf of this—and its people and press are practically unanimous upon the issue. Can as much be said for England?

Mr. MacDonald says, "The new aim for England is a free world for free peoples." So be it. It is the whole point at issue. Even after the war, England's way to it must be one of humility and sacrifice. If she will follow it, the last barrier between her and the American heart will be down.

EDWARD H. DAVIS

Purdue University, West La Fayette, Ind., September 29

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the discussion between the defenders of free speech and those who would put limitations upon that democratic privilege in war time at least one sharp point of cleavage appears which it might be worth while to mention and set forth a bit more clearly than has yet been done. Those who would place limits on free speech start with certain primary assumptions and then put restrictions upon free discussion on the basis of the truth of these assumptions. For example, it is rather common to have an advocate of restriction assume that a nation is struggling for its life or the ideals of civilization and then justify restriction upon that basis. Or, as we sometimes hear it stated, Germany has gone mad; it is idle and suicidal to discuss methods of adjustment or a *modus vivendi* with a dangerous lunatic; let us get him under our control without wasting breath. It seems to the defenders of free speech that these assumptions are too naïve and simple to correspond with the facts of an intensely intricate and complex situation. Some believers in free discussion cannot admit the validity of all such assumptions and allow them to pass unquestioned. They ought to have the right to analyze fundamental premises in a scientific way. This does not mean the right to persuade men to resist the draft or to induce men to hamper governmental policies by labor strikes, but it does mean the right to question whether this is a war to make the world safe for democracy or whether war is the best or only method to crush Prussian militarism or whether a war once started is to be waged without thought and reconsideration in reference to its purposes and aims. Without discussion on these points no citizen can be rationally patriotic and under such circumstances our executives would be blind leaders of the blind.

Strangely enough, some of those in favor of restricting speech in our own country are in favor of free speech in Germany. They are inclined to praise the character and ideas of such men as Maxmilian Harden while denouncing those of La Follette. They fail to see that the principle of free speech is essentially the same on both sides and is equally helpful and vitally necessary to get at the common factors requisite for an enduring peace among the nations. Abundant criticism is just as good for us as it is for the German Government or the German people. To start with fundamental assumptions that seem to necessitate the restriction of free speech and then apply that restriction to discussing the assumptions and premises is a logical error which may lead us into cruel and stupid blunders. It is vitally necessary at all times to keep our basic premises subject to change and analysis in this turbulent time.

JAMES G. STEVENS

Urbana, Illinois, October 2

THREE HOURS A WEEK OF LECTURES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just received the announcement of Professor Baldensperger's lectures at Columbia University for the three coming years. Three hours a week! This is perfectly right. The same arrangement had been made last year for Professor Lanson. The same number of hours is required from an exchange professor to the Sorbonne.

But why do American professors never receive—if we discount the very rare exception of research professorships—such a chance? They are sometimes reproached for being less productive than European scholars, and even of producing work of poorer quality. While the accusation is true most of the time, it is exasperatingly unjust, since our universities and colleges do not offer the opportunity to compete on equal terms.

Another point: is it not radically unfair to American professors who are nine, ten, or twelve-hour lecturers, to suggest that their class work be compared (by students who do not realize the difference of arrangement) with the class work of European professors who are three-hour lecturers?

It goes without saying that a plea is made here, not for more hours for European professors, but less for Americans. There may have been a time when some would have taken advantage, perhaps, of a light schedule for loafing. But there is little danger of this now. The American

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professor is genuinely interested in his studies; he will seize any chance to do productive work; and he does not resent as much the injustice of the comparison referred to above as he suffers, every day of his life, because he cannot put to better advantage the talents which nature has bestowed upon him.

To prevent misunderstanding I ought perhaps to add that I speak of the professor who gives lectures, not of the teacher who gives lessons; because they are together in the same faculties, the difference exists none the less.

ALBERT SCHINZ

Smith College, Northampton, Mass., October 1

A CASE FOR MAGNANIMITY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. W. H. Johnson's letter on the Rape of Belgium raises an important question as to the attitude of the Allies towards the Germans. In view of the constructive aims which all civilized men set forth as the only decent result of the war, is not the tendency which Mr. Johnson's letter indicates, to look upon the Germans as an outcast nation, most unfortunate? We must seek, for every humane reason, to bring about stable peace as soon as possible with the great German Powers. Can this ever be accomplished without the exercise of a wise magnanimity? Of course, we all abhor the awful cruelty in the German conduct of the war. It is natural at first thought to wish for condign retribution upon its perpetrators. Would the satisfaction of this passionate desire help in the least to the attainment of our ultimate object?

Some of us recall how the generation of the Civil War, and especially those who had stayed at home, demanded just such extreme punishment for what the North called "the crime of secession." But to-day every one is glad that the counsels of Lincoln and Grant prevailed. We see that every effort to penalize the Southern people, or even to humiliate their leaders, worked towards continual estrangement. Not the fighting in the war so much as the magnanimity that followed the war, and finally repealed the Force bill, succeeded in uniting us as a nation.

The fact is, men have no business with the punishment of their fellows, least of all when after war the same group of men become at once complainants and judges and executioners. Neither can we ever presume to fix the lines of exact justice, or to take the other by the throat, however guilty he seems, and force him to pay all that he owes. Who is wise or good enough to force the other to do justice, where so few are scrupulous to do justice themselves? "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone" goes to the heart of every movement of our supposed "just indignation."

One way alone remains out of any quarrel, small or great. It is the way the Pope is now urging, of conciliation and magnanimity. Indeed, it is the only way of truth. For it recognizes the forgotten facts, for instance, in this case, that the war began, in part at least, because of the imperialistic interests of all the great Powers of Europe; that, outrageous as the rape of Belgium was, Japan presently violated the integrity of China for a similar "necessity of war"; that if German war is barbarous, the war system itself, which we all have helped to keep up as a respectable institution, is confessedly the survival of barbarism; that recent wars have stained every "Christian nation" with ugly stories of atrocity; that the United States fought the Spanish War (as the *Nation* of that time held) needlessly, and certainly not to repel invasion, and in so doing doubtless stimulated the German military spirit; that, most important of all, our human nature in every people is far more alike than different, and that there is an ugly, or "Prussian," side in most of us. Such facts give us pause when we think to excommunicate a man or a nation; whereas, the moment we turn our humane side towards any one, this motion gives the other an impulse to turn his good side to us. I do not say that the Kaiser and his junkers are ready to give up their bad political philosophy overnight. May we not be sure, however, that the German people need nothing so much as to be assured of the generous disposition of the Allies to treat them as we should wish to be treated in case we had trusted governmental power to wrong-headed and blundering men?

This is not to neglect Belgium or other ruined and starving people, upon whom every day of prolonged war brings fresh ruin. Why should we not, instead of seeking to beat Germany to her knees and to grind her people to deeper poverty and thus to reap a new crop of hate and bitterness, be great enough to offer to help Germany bear the vast burden of restoring the devastated Belgian towns? America is said to be waging this war for democracy and humanity! Let us prove our humanity by even greater willingness to feed and clothe and house men like ourselves over the sea than to pour out our billions to fight them. Unless, indeed, we have this kind of good-will towards all kinds of men, at home and abroad, how shall we ever hope to construct an effectual League of Peace?

CHARLES F. DOLE

Southwest Harbor, Me., August 27

A DUTCH ESTIMATE OF BAUDELAIRE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Yesterday was the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Charles Baudelaire, and it has occurred to me that, apropos of that date, it might interest your readers to be told what Holland thinks of this much-discussed French poet.

If you look down into the Dutch soul, you find there an ancient stock of atavic tendencies habitually hidden under an external cloak of phlegm and a rather resisting crust of a sort of materialism known among business men as practical common-sense. The existence of these moods is revealed to us by our folklore and, among the élite, by some of our literary and artistic manifestations and preferences. Of these more or less concealed states of mind, the one which never seems to be satisfied is the love of mystery. In fact, the Dutch character has this trait in common with all the great Germanic peoples, and is so enamoured of mystery that it is apt to be almost puerile in the matter and allow itself to be seduced by anything which seems to contain something unknown, supernatural, unexplained, or inexplicable.

Again, the Dutch mind is essentially individualistic and *libertaire*, to use a modern French word that means exactly what I wish to express. It rebels at all discipline, however light it may be. Like the English, we are exceedingly delitescent and have a soft spot for those who show themselves to be strikingly original. We do not balk at self-worship and are quite disposed to forgive even the most excessive egoism, such as the Grand Sovereign I of Mme. de Staël, the

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autolatry of Chateaubriand, even that of Sainte-Beuve, and also that rather unhealthy exaggeration which Brunetière considers one of the characteristics of romanticism. Nothing in all this frightens us; it does not even provoke a smile.

All this means that Baudelaire and all the "cursed poets" have ever found in Holland warm admirers. To this disposition should be added the irresistible attraction always exercised everywhere by an unfortunate genius and the fascination which many minds find in the disordered fancies of incipient folly, so many traces of which show themselves in the "Fusées," "Mon Cœur mis à nu," and in his published letters, where is unveiled so completely the soul of him who said of himself that "he cultivated his hysteria with joy and terror," and who "counted among the sublime vices which make great poets an ardent and diabolic personality and a salamandrin spirit." (These phrases are found in a letter of Baudelaire to Jules Janin.)

And again, can there be any good ground for surprise that the most well-balanced and the most staid minds, those least inclined to believe that the moon is made of green cheese, should entertain a sincere admiration for a poet to whom we owe really Dantesque visions and whose mystic flights towards the ideal have placed him on a level with the greatest singers?

But one cannot speak of Baudelaire without quoting at least some of the stanzas of "L'Idéal du Poète." The following immortal lines are remembered by all lovers of French poetry:

> Vers le ciel, où son œil voit un trône splendide,
> Le poète serein lève ses bras pieux,
> Et les vastes éclairs de son esprit lucide
> Lui dérobent l'aspect des peuples furieux:
>
> "Soyez béni, mon Dieu, qui donnez la souffrance
> Comme un divin remède à nos impuretés
> Et comme la meilleure et la plus pure essence
> Qui prépare les forts aux saintes voluptés!
> . . . . . .
>
> "Je sais que la douleur est la noblesse unique
> Où ne mordront jamais la terre et les enfers,
> Et qu'il faut, pour tresser ma couronne mystique,
> Imposer tous les temps et tous les univers."

In a word, the young poets and literati of Holland appear to have thoroughly accepted the opinion concerning Baudelaire held by "the divine Théo" and Leconte de Lisle.

GERARD WALCH

Amsterdam, Holland, September 1

A QUESTION OF PRONUNCIATION

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I use your columns to ask for evidence on a point in the linguistic history of New York city? One may now hear on the lips of natives of the city two pronunciations of words which originally contained *r* followed by a consonant. The universal pronunciation of such a word as *card* omits the *r* with lengthening of the preceding vowel. The approved pronunciation of *bird* and *girl* is similar; but all naïve speakers and some of considerable culture pronounce instead a diphthong which is sometimes inaccurately represented in the comic paper by *oi* (*boid, goil*).

I am anxious to know (1) which of these two pronunciations was the earlier to appear in New York city, (2) the approximate date of the appearance of each, and (3) any other facts in regard to the matter which your readers may have observed.

E. H. STURTEVANT

New York, September 6

MARK TWAIN'S FATALISM

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A good many readers of Mark Twain's "The Mysterious Stranger" were surprised and pained at the pessimistic fatalism which underlies the story.

"Among you boys," says Satan, "you have a game: you stand a row of bricks on end a few inches apart; you push a brick, it knocks its neighbor over, the neighbor knocks over the next brick—and so on till all the row is prostrate. That is human life. A child's first act knocks over the initial brick, and the rest will follow inexorably. . . . His first act determines the second and all that follow after. But suppose, for argument's sake, that the man should skip one of these acts; an apparently trifling one, for instance; suppose that it had been appointed that on a certain day, at a certain hour and minute and second and fraction of a second, he should go to the well, and he didn't go. That man's career would change utterly from that moment; thence to the grave it would be wholly different from the career which his first act as a child had arranged for him. . . .

"Two minutes and a quarter from now Nikolaus will wake out of his sleep and find the rain blowing in. It was appointed that he should turn over and go to sleep again. But I have appointed that he should get up and close the window first. That trifle will change his career entirely."

So Satan interferes in the lives of various persons in the story, altering some detail which may (and in some cases does) make the difference between hell and heaven.

It is interesting to note that Mark Twain expressed a similar view of life in a talk with Rudyard Kipling in 1889. The conversation is recorded in Kipling's "American Notes."

"Feeling that I had a few hundred thousand folk at my back," says the narrator, "I demanded whether Tom Sawyer married Judge Thatcher's daughter, and whether we were ever going to hear of Tom Sawyer as a man.

" 'I haven't decided,' quoth Mark Twain, getting up, filling his pipe, and walking up and down the room in his slippers. 'I have a notion of writing the sequel to Tom Sawyer in two ways. In one I would make him rise to great honor and go to Congress, and in the other I should hang him. Then the friends and enemies of the book could take their choice.'

"Here I lost my reverence completely and protested against any theory of the sort, because to me at least Tom Sawyer was real.

" 'Oh, he is real,' said Mark Twain. 'He's all the boy that I have known or recollect, but that would be a good way of ending the book'; then, turning round, 'because, when you come to think of it, neither religion, training, nor education avails anything against the force of circumstances that drive a man. Suppose we took the next four and twenty years of Tom Sawyer's life, and gave a little joggle to the circumstances that controlled him. He would, logically and according to the joggle, turn out a rip or an angel.'

" 'Do you believe that, then?'

" 'I think so. Isn't it what you call Kismet?' "

This is exactly what Satan does to Nikolaus and little Lisa and Frau Brandt and Fischer. He gives the circumstances of their lives "a little joggle," and presto! their fates change.

HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

Urbana, Illinois, October 1

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Chez Nous

Ideal Passion. By George E. Woodberry. Boston: The Woodberry Society.

The Road to Castaly and Later Poems. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Sonnets. By Mahlon Leonard Fisher. Published by the Author. New York: 201 East 12th Street.

A Lonely Flute. By Odell Shepard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

Trails Sunward. By Cale Young Rice. New York: The Century Co. $1.25 net.

Californians. By Robinson Jeffers. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The Night Court and Other Verse. By Ruth Comfort Mitchell. New York: The Century Co. $1.

MR. WOODBERRY'S forty-two sonnets have a high distinction condensable into a single verb: they *testify.* Other poems *parley;* these *refer.* They take us back, they take us up, into a life. They give—what American verse so rarely gives—a sense of depth and riches in the antecedent experience. Of that report on the universe which we call literature, they are a part.

Their purport might be conveyed in two lines of Shelley in the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty":

> I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
> To thee and thine—have I not kept my vow?

This is not merely the text; it is almost the sermon. By a curious paradox, these poems are revealing—and uncommunicative. Never did a reality so distinct find embodiment in a frame so impalpable. The reader has the double sense of intimacy and estrangement which the curtained light in some high and solitary window arouses in the passer in the dusky street. I shall quote the seventeenth sonnet:

> I understand the roseate mystery
> Of maiden-bridals in the Bridegroom's arms,
> That on celestial sighs spread forth their charms,
> And in devotion yield virginity;
> The amorous nun, richer in chastity,
> The more love round her with his motions swarms,
> Dissolves, as if the rose her bosom warms
> Only the spirit of the rose should be.
> She gives herself unto her spiritual lord
> In ecstasy that doth all flesh consume;
> Her soul, incorporate in the Heavenly Word,
> Already leaves her body in the tomb;
> So sweetly, holily, have I been stirred,
> Not uncompanioned in the vacant room.

English lyric has rarely outsoared that termination.

Mr. Woodberry has his inadvertencies. A true child of the Muses, he has the child's freedom of the house, and we may say of his licenses what Macaulay said of Milton's Latin that "where he is least happy, his failure seems to arise from the carelessness of a native, not from the ignorance of a foreigner." Native or not, I think Mr. Woodberry should not rhyme "trance" with "haunts," nor write "And love, even the unworthiest, hath dear charms," or "These lower loves mirror the love above," or "Whereto all things that are, are subject made"; nor should he abase himself to the dissolute syntax of the sextet in sonnet thirteen. These are plain blemishes, and my rigor—the rigor of homage—is not to be placated. Pardon is for the mob; to the elect nothing is forgivable.

Without classing Miss Brown among great or incisive poets, I can warmly commend "The Road to Castaly." First of all, she has utterance, the plastic mouth. There is a perfect leafage of phrase, a sun-flecked and wind-tossed abundance, over which her fancy plays with what I can best describe as a hovering fondness. Again, her work is notable for the rarity of imperfections—itself a high rarity in current American verse of any grade, and for the spotlessness in which our table linen sets so admirable and fruitless an example to our art and letters. Sometimes, possibly, the roaming, ramifying theme strays unduly or overleaps the fence: sometimes the pleasure in the transit is clearer than the image in the memory. Nevertheless, Miss Brown does not fail in the straitened bounds and sharp convergence of the sonnet, or fails only in esoteric sequences like "The Book of Love." In "The Immortal Witnesses," one may regret that in a drama about Sophocles there should be so little Sophocles and so little drama, but I seem to catch, in the phrase and imagery, a distant flash of the Piræus. From a garden poem I excerpt:

> Tulips, in faded splendor drest,
> Brood o'er their beds, a slumbrous gloom.
> Dame Peony, red and ripe with bloom,
> Swells the silk housing of her breast.
> The Lilac, drunk to ecstasy,
> Breaks her full flagons on the air,
> And drenches home the reeling bee
> Who found her fair.

One or two of Mr. Fisher's sonnets are of a workmanship so ideal that it requires a little courage to be outspoken on the book as a whole. My considered judgment is that these sonnets are brilliant, now and then splendid, experiments, destitute of core, and of a technique in which extreme care and a sort of shiftlessness relieve each other in perplexing alternation. If any man, in face of the best and best known sonnet, "November," which I proceed to quote, should call this opinion cankered or churlish, I shall respect his indignation:

> Hark you such sound as quivers? Kings will hear,
> As kings have heard, and tremble on their thrones;
> The old will feel the weight of mossy stones;
> The young alone will laugh and scoff at fear.
> It is the tread of armies marching near,
> From scarlet lands to lands forever pale;
> It is a bugle dying down the gale;
> It is the sudden gushing of a tear.
> And it is hands that grope at ghostly doors;
> And romp of spirit-children on the pave;
> It is the tender sighing of the brave
> Who fell, ah! long ago in futile wars;
> It is such sound as death; and, after all,
> 'Tis but the forest letting dead leaves fall.

Mr. Shepard has written a refined and tranquil volume, of wavering promise. He delights in lonely things, not merely a "lonely flute," but "lonely pipes," "lonely voices," "lonely cricket," "lonely spark," "lonelier fires," "lonely star," "lonely waves," "lonely hearts." A sheaf of phrases will illustrate and half describe his verse: "anemones of dream," "low lyric whispers," "shadowy belfries," "caverned twilight," "dim sea-ghost," "sleeping silences," "phantom armies," "glimmering cymars," "heart of dusk," "moon-drenched night," "blown branches and leafy star." The poems are graceful and shadowy (a shadow's excellence is grace), and, if his best poem, "Vistas," be the test, they are

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most substantive in the portrayal of shadow. In spite of blithe interludes, the tone is vespertinal. I quote five impressive lines:

All the wisdom, all the beauty, I have lived for unaware,
Came upon me by the rote of highland hills;
I have seen God walking there
In the solemn soundless air
When the morning wakened wonder in the hills.

In "Trails Sunward," I find Mr. Rice more varied and spirited than in "Earth and New Earth," and his negligencies, though still glaring, do not glare quite so redoubtably. Even in our day Mr. Rice has the eccentricity of writing like a gentleman, and in this book of his Muse has retrenched those world-wanderings which once made us fancy that she wore the equator for a zone. I rarely use the term "sublimity," yet in touches in "The Foreseers," particularly in its cavern-set opening, I should say that Mr. Rice had scaled that eminence. In the hill scenes which follow, the fall is swift; indeed, the loftiness of Mr. Rice's cavern contrasts strikingly with the abasement of his summits. In one of these allegories the Christ is pictured on a footing of singular equality with a Naiad, a faun, a sylph, a gnome, and a peri. The fact is typical. I can conceive that the Christ might visit Mr. Rice, especially in his generous and compassionate labor-poems, and Mr. Rice would greet him with befitting reverence, but I think in the next moment he would not shrink from taking a gnome by the hand or nodding cheerfully to the sylph in the background. In plain words, the visitant suggestions in Mr. Rice's mind are numberless: many are good or acceptable, a few excellent; but the most unequal values are received with equal hospitality. He cannot assort, because he cannot assay.

I now give Mr. Rice his revenge by quoting his vigorous admonition to the pestilent reviewer:

Or, if chance comes to me
To shut his worth away
Year by year, from the world's ear,
With silence or word-sway,
Let me fling it from me,
Ashamed of coward odds,
And then, avengeless, to him wend
And make of him instead a friend—
Or leave him to the gods.

Mr. Rice's "shut away" is much too flattering to our tribe. Base as our record is, we have yet to entomb an immortal.

Mr. Jeffers is distinguished from many brethren in art by the compass, pungency, and resonance of the nature he portrays with masculine fervor. The personages in his tales are hills and pines and eucalyptuses; the men and women are a kind of undergrowth. If by chance he succeeds in human sketches, as in "The Old Farmer" and "The Mill Creek Farm," it is with some man whose heart is lusting for a river or a creek. There is something mildly symbolic in the fact that Mr. Jeffers's localism should have thrust its roots so piercingly into the soil that breeds sequoias. Willis said that Emerson's voice had a shoulder in it. There is a shoulder in Mr. Jeffers's verse, something muscular, hardy, and a trifle cumbrous. His failings are many and grave. He rhymes with a fine boldness and a crisp bravado; his grammar is unconcerned; his construction is *bushy;* he envelops, smothers, his idea in language, and the last deity to whom he could be coaxed to erect an altar is the god Terminus. Has Mr. Jeffers the patience and the humility which will loose his evident force from its no less obvious incumbrances? All turns on the answer to that question. I shall not mock him with the word "promising"; promise is half ominous in our day.

I do not know whether Miss Ruth Mitchell has bounded into fame, but her work favors the possibility. Her "Night Court" is romping, versatile, resourceful, clamant—something midway between a handshake and a slap on the shoulder. She closes a football poem thus:

Eternity—then the heavenly din!
Your voice is gone, but you weep, you grin,
Hug the stranger and love your foes,
Forgive your debtors, forget your woes,
Ask the girl for her answer then,
Strike the boss for the raise again!
The sun's come out and it's raining flowers,
It's hailing nuggets—the world is ours!
The earth's ablaze and the sky's aflame,—
Life is good, for *we've won the game.*

There is excess and temerity in Miss Mitchell. Her contrasts, in "The Subway," for instance, are effective and super-effective; it is ivory against jet. A San Francisco Chinese drama in one act, excellently versified and in details happily imagined, ends pointlessly in an accidental suicide which suggests the wording for a coroner's verdict on the play. I shiver a little when a Yale freshman, even in demi-trance, refers to "the exquisite, fierce glory of pain." Often I have a sense of attendance at a spectacle that is half battle, half review. I feel this in "The Night Court" and "The Vinegar Man." A certain reserve of skepticism in me holds out against the vehement and fiery onslaughts of Miss Mitchell, until she summons "Leah" to her aid. To "Leah" I capitulate.

O. W. FIRKINS

BOOKS

Mr. Wells's Experimental Novel

The Soul of a Bishop. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE religious emotion which bubbled up in "Mr. Britling," and spouted up in "God, the Invisible King," sinks to a shallow little surface pool in "The Soul of a Bishop," the implication being that the novelist has exhausted his religious vein and the impetuous rapture of its discovery—so swift bright things come to confusion. Taken by itself this latest book would not excite much interest; it would impress one as a flimsy imitation of Mrs. Humphry Ward; so far as its ideas are concerned, one would date it at about 1889, the year following the publication of "Robert Elsmere"; Mr. Wells, one would say, is beginning to catch up with his "Victorians." Taken in connection with its two popular predecessors, however, it has still some contemporary reference, and may be read with amusement for the light it reflects upon the other members of the sequence. The relation of the three works to one another may be expressed as follows: "Mr. Britling" is a novel of experience, "God, the Invisible King" is a pamphlet proposing to generalize that experience, "The Soul of a Bishop" is an "experimental novel" trying the experience, according to an ancient maxim of medical theorists, on what Mr. Wells takes for a dog. The book has thus a little more intention than at first meets the eye.

Mr. Wells's first intention in writing about the soul of a bishop was apparently to show that the soul of a bishop is not worth writing about. This thesis he expresses in

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this sentence: *"It was always the common unhampered man through whom the light of God was breaking;* it was always the creed and the organization of the religious professionals that stood in the way to God." In Mr. Britling he presents "the common unhampered man" full of the light of God—a light which breaks in upon him, we are made to understand, as a result of the pressure of the multifarious experience thrust upon him by the war. Bishop Scrope, swathed in his robe and his palace and his creed, he presents as incapable of reasoning and as relatively incapable of experience. In the narrative of his spiritual crisis there is but a hint or two of that complex welter of public emotions and events which enlarged and enriched the loose open personality of Mr. Britling. The Bishop's spiritual unrest is explained as neurasthenia, due to his sudden discontinuance of alcoholic beverages and cigarettes, in respectful imitation of King George. His spiritual illumination is explained as due primarily to the taking of a powerful drug administered by an experimenting physician, and, secondarily, to the reading of a book containing a message similar to that in "God, the Invisible King." In consequence of these stimuli, mainly physiological, the Bishop, up to this time destitute of religious experience, embraces the faith declared unto us by H. G. Wells; he resigns his see; and, in the last chapter, musing intently on his novel heart-satisfying definition, "God is God," he stands vaguely groping about for service in the new kingdom.

Now here is where the amusement comes in: Scrope is just Mr. Wells in bishop's breeches, and Mr. Wells knows it. The book is essentially not a reflection on the clergy, but an oblique light upon the author of a recently promulgated religion. Excepting certain quite external appurtenances, Scrope has no distinctive episcopal mark about him—neither the sanctified spirit nor the worldly wisdom nor the scholarship nor the historical sense nor the habits of mind of an ecclesiastic accustomed to presiding over the spiritual and temporal affairs of a diocese. The futile air-pawing Scrope, neither a man of action nor a saint, is no more a bishop than the writer of this review: he is a very babe in doctrine and in the arts of life. Once more Mr. Wells has revealed the limits of his imagination; he cannot find the way to the inside of any type of consciousness but his own. He can exhibit queer creatures doing queer things in the mountains of the moon, but the moment he begins to "psychologize" he writes autobiography. Scrope is not a new character in his gallery; he is Mr. Britling over again with a quantity of suppressions, indeed, and a new suit of clothes, but making his way by the same psychological route, with the same insomnias, the same hot fits and cold fits, the same jumble of vague ideas and warm abstract benevolence, to the same perfectly vacuous and intangible notions of God. But Mr. Wells's humor, which sleeps while he is writing his new testaments and his prophetical books, has waked and demanded its inning. "The Soul of a Bishop" is deliciously amusing in all those passages in which the author allows his comic spirit to frolic over the absurdities of his graver self-projection.

Comic lights of various colors are played upon Bishop Scrope-Britling from several very different "reflectors." Dr. Dale flashes a malicious dusky beam when he attributes his Lordship's spiritual unrest to "a slight and subtle kidney trouble." Mr. Wells in person presses the button when he exhibits the Bishop's intense consciousness of God as the direct result of a materialistic physician's prescription. Bishop Likeman, whose comments have some flavor of a ripe old Churchman, throws a kindly humorous ray: "You are obsessed clearly by this discovery of the militancy of God, and God the Son—as Hero. And you want to go out to the simple worship of that one aspect. You want to go out to a Dissenter's tent in the wilderness, instead of staying in the Great Temple of the Ages." Scrope himself turns a comic gleam inward: " 'Another prophet?' Even if he succeeded in this mission enterprise, he found himself asking, what would he be but just a little West-end Mahomet? He would have founded another sect, and we have to make an end of all sects." But the big bright illuminator is held up in the slender hands of lisping Lady Sunderbund, a would-be-earnest member of the idle rich class, who wants to embrace the Invisible King (or his Bishop—she isn't quite sure which), and to give her munitions profits to the spread of "the t'ue 'iligion." That Mr. Wells has seen, now, pretty nearly through the rosy egotism of his recent testament is indicated by this beautiful morsel from one of Lady Sunderbund's epistles, and by Mr. Wells's annotation:

> "Dear Bishop and Teacher, I want to help *tremendously*—with all my heart and all my soul. I want to be let to do things for you." (The "you" was erased by three or four rapid slashes, and "our King" substituted.) "I want to be privileged to help build the First Church of the World Unified under God."

In the houseless church universal which he had designed for the worship of all mankind Bishop Scrope discovers that there is not even room for his one disciple. His desire to bring all men to "the one t'ue God" leads logically to the creation of as many gods as there are men, since he rejects all the great religious definitions, creeds, and agreements by which men have sought to join hands across the frontiers of nations, and since he condemns in advance any attempt to fix a new rendezvous. We are all to adore "the one true God"; but, says the Bishop, "it is for every man to think his own philosophy and think out his own religion."

What will be Mr. Wells's next move? He cannot go forward; he has reached the "jumping-off" place. But move he will, as surely as the comets go through their courses. Therefore, he must go backward. The Bishop remarks on page 308, "If I go on as I am going, I shall end a Nazarene." Is that an intimation that Mr. Wells is to be a Christian this winter? It is not at all unlikely. And we will bet there is a "best-seller" in it.

Idealism à Rebours

Unicorns. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

"THE Unicorn, an idealist," and "Art is the modern philosopher's stone," says Mr. Huneker, in the introduction to his latest book of critical essays. Further on, in his amusing skit on The Great American Novel, he declares that the critic, different in this from the maker of fiction, "may go gadding after new mud-gods (the newest god invented by man is always the greatest), for the time being, and return to his native heath mentally refreshed and broadened by his foreign outing." Does Mr. Huneker mean to imply that the idealists in whom he shows so pungent an interest are, after all, only mud-gods? Does he think that literary mud-baths are really refreshing to the soul? Entertainment he

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has to offer in fair abundance; his pages sparkle with more or less successful epigrams, but would it be cruel to hint to so accomplished a writer that volume after volume devoted to the mud-gods of Russia and France, become a little wearisome in the end? Would it be unkind to intimate that he is writing, or at least publishing, in 1917 and not in 1897, and that the world has grown, for terrible reasons, rather weary of trifling with morality?

Pessimism is the note that marks the men in whom Mr. Huneker seems to be most interested—a pessimism that finds relief only in filth—yet he himself can say: "From 'Werther' to 'Sanine' it [pessimism] has ruled fiction. It is less a philosophy than a matter of temperament. It was the mode during the last century, and as an issue is as dead as the humanitarianism that followed it." Perhaps we are dealing with Mr. Huneker too critically, but we cannot avoid a certain intellectual qualm when we turn from such a sentence as this to his article in praise of the Russian author of "Sanine," whom he portrays frankly as the pessimist *par excellence,* and upholds as a model of "sincerity" and "profundity" to be taken as a pattern by our own novelists: "His intellectual indifferentism to all that constitutes the solace and bravery of our daily experience is almost pathological. The aura of sadism hovers about some of his men. After reading Artzibashev you wonder that the question, 'Is life worth living?' will ever be answered in the affirmative among these humans [a sad word, this "humans," Mr. Critic] who, as old Homer says, hasten hellward from their birth." Is Mr. Huneker to be taken seriously when he admires this sort of sadistic pessimism as a sign of "rich, red-blooded genius," or when he admits that it is an outmoded form of literary cant? Perhaps Mr. Huneker is not to be taken seriously at all, but to be enjoyed for his mischievous irresponsibility.

Another "unicorn" on whom Mr. Huneker showers his laudatory epithets is Remy de Gourmont, the "incomparable," supreme as a philosopher, supreme as an artist. Now De Gourmont was undoubtedly a man of great talent and of still greater industry, but what in the end are his philosophy and his art? The former, in brief terms, is a complacent repetition of Nietzscheism with the addition of a decadent eroticism. It is not a pleasant mixture to-day. The strength of Nietzsche, and his influence, are attributable in no small measure to the wholesome absence of eroticism in his writings. A morbidly erotic superman is a creature that the world has seen in practice, yet has not often praised; it remained for a writer at the fag end of a discredited French school to produce such an ideal of philosophy, and for Mr. Huneker to preach it to the American public. It would have been mighty interesting reading—more interesting even than Mr. Huneker's sparkling eulogy—if Nietzsche had expressed an opinion of his French disciple. As for De Gourmont's art, in his "Une Nuit de Luxembourg" he has turned his philosophy into fiction. His erotic superman in action is no less a person than Jesus, who appears one night in modern Paris. The story, says Mr. Huneker, "handles with delicacy and frankness themes that in the hands of a lesser artist would be banished as brutal and blasphemous." We understand what Mr. Huneker means by "frankness," for "delicacy" we should have been inclined to say "solemn fatuity." But then we are so old-fashioned as never to have discovered the precious delight of "gadding after new mud-gods."

An apology is due Mr. Huneker for taking him so seriously; possibly our nerves have been unstrung by the war, and we have been frightened into the belief that moral issues have a meaning even in art. Not that Mr. Huneker does not write as a moralist. He is in fact constantly harping on the moral question; our misfortune is that, in these vexing times, we cannot long maintain our interest in a moralist who does not believe in the existence of morality. At another time we might have enjoyed without perturbation the good that is in Mr. Huneker's volume. There is, in fact, much in his pages that is sound, besides being clever. He writes well of MacDowell, for instance, as he usually does of musicians. He has admiration for Henry James, can reread Mallock with pleasure, shows the hollowness of Oscar Wilde, deals harshly—too harshly—with George Sand, and in general, ranges freely over a wide field of modern art and literature. But we cannot forget that his "unicorn" commonly turns out to be a rhinoceros snouting in the mud.

For the People

Marching Men. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Co.

King Coal. By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The Dwelling Place of Light. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

MR. ANDERSON'S first novel, "Windy McPherson's Son," made itself felt as, for all its "localism," a book of dream. McPherson is a seeker, bound to discover for himself the true way of life, and nothing can turn him from his quest, neither sex nor "success nor suffering." His is a true modern pilgrim's progress; books and codes do not avail him, and he achieves the ultimate feat of individualism by blazing his own way along the crowded thoroughfare of the present. It becomes (as if by chance) a way of service to his kind and, above all, to the future. "Marching Men" is another story of quest, of humanity seeking its own. But this is the humanity of the masses, of the workers. "Beaut McGregor" of Coal Creek, Pennsylvania, concerns us less as a person than as a symbol and a portent. The son of a miner who has died heroically at his post, he himself is born for a larger scene. His strength of body and mind and will set him on the road to fame and wealth in a great city. But he has a larger vision, the vision of a world ordered and enjoyed by those who keep it going with their hands. So he abandons his profession to become prophet of a new movement. It is a movement not towards the immediate attainment of specific ends through the machinery of socialism or of organized labor in the usual sense, but towards the assertion of the power of the proletariat by a simple demonstration of orderly numbers in motion. It is the old idea of the function of the "procession" in bringing home to the eye the fact of mass opinion or spirit. McGregor's "marching men" are to demonstrate the possible solidarity of the toilers, by the symbol of actual physical union. "I have heard men in colleges and speakers in halls talk of the brotherhood of man," cries McGregor. "They do not want such a brotherhood. They would flee before it. But we will make by our marching such a brotherhood that they will tremble and say to one another, 'See, Old Labor is awake. He has found his strength!' They will hide themselves and eat their words of brotherhood." There is a kind of mysticism in

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the simplicity of this plan that appeals to men: whence presently the strange portent of a great city whose workers march to and from their labor, and drill of evenings instead of idling about the streets, and now and then gather, in their thousands, to the rhythm of the marching song McGregor and a Russian musician have made for them. It is a kind of madness and it is to pass. McGregor's adversaries, the men of wealth and influence, the employers and oppressors, are to see its passing. One of them, at least, perceives that it has not passed without trace, that McGregor has not failed, except as he has chosen to fail. He has set something in motion; and the rich man turns from his argument for the individual pursuit of beauty to wonder if, after all, "McGregor and not himself knew the road to beauty?"

The book has a sort of deliberate vagueness, a quality of parable, which is notably absent from "King Coal." However misty and unstable the foundations of Mr. Sinclair's social edifice may be, its specifications are trim and complete to a fault. This is a story of the wrongs of unorganized labor at the hands of capital, and its moral is that when all labor is organized (in the sense of unionized) it will obtain justice. More specifically, it is a story of the great Colorado coal strike, based upon Mr. Sinclair's own study on the field at the time, and upon a great mass of official records of the subsequent investigations, running to some eight million words. It pictures great camps of men virtually enslaved by their "Companies," dwelling within stockades, denied the decencies of life and the protection of the law; bullied and fleeced by system, and forced to vote as the Company chooses. It pictures a Capital which controls State politics, and may therefore mistreat or murder its Labor at will. It pictures, says Mr. Sinclair in his "Postscript," a condition of this day: "The life portrayed in 'King Coal' is the life that is lived to-day by hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children in this 'land of the free.' . . . The defeat of the 'King of Huerfano County' is but one step in a long road which the miners of Colorado have to travel if ever they are to be free men. The industrial power of the great corporations remains untouched by this decision; and this power is greater than any political power ever wielded by the government of Huerfano County, or even of the State of Colorado." No reader of this record will doubt the honesty of the chronicler's opinion or the accuracy of his chosen facts, or will fail to see that the facts have been chosen and assembled somewhat carefully, in the light of that opinion, to "compose" as strongly and effectively as possible. It is the right and the duty of a good story-teller, like Mr. Sinclair, to choose and to compose; but his power as an interpreter is bound to be qualified by his zeal as an advocate. Mr. Sinclair would give cheerful assent to this, since life for him points a moral rather than adorns a tale. Dr. Brandes appears rather oddly to ignore it in his enthusiastic "Introduction." "Upton Sinclair," he says, "is one of the not too many writers who have consecrated their lives to the agitation for social justice, and who have also enrolled their art in the service of a set purpose." Whether art may be so enrolled without peril of enslavement is the perennial question. Certainly this story has far more balance and restraint than the writer has hitherto mustered: "The Jungle" is a lurid tract by comparison. It is an absorbing narrative, and it contains at least one strong and living piece of characterization, in Mary Burke, who is destined to consecrate her bountiful womanhood not to happiness, but to the service of her comrades. Hal Warner also, the young son of wealth who sets out so light-heartedly to investigate mining conditions under an alias, and who finds himself upon so grim a business, is believable as well as likable. But for the rest the writer's animus is overplain. Virtue and industry and suffering are the exclusive lot of Labor; vice and selfishness and unscrupulous brutality are the hall-marks of Capital. Therefore is Hal Warner's dirty old Slovak Mike Sikoria a human and lovable and credible person, while Hal's brother Edward is the absurd and offensive wooden magnate of the movies. With the exception of Hal himself, there is not a human being above the degree of miner in this book who is not contemptible or pitiable. A movie world!—which is perhaps the world Mr. Sinclair believes in.

Having examined (not to say disposed of) the modern Church in "The Inside of the Cup," and of the political game in "A Far Country," Mr. Churchill now turns his gaze, in his serious and methodical fashion, upon the industrial problem. He does not attempt to solve it—seems, indeed, to suggest that it had better be left to work itself out under the eye of a benevolent and vaguely beneficent and graciously illumined minority, whose state of mind is itself a "dwelling place of light." His scene, as always, challenges surmise. The Massachusetts mill city of Hampton, on its "historic river," with a "Silliston Academy" a few miles off, appears to be Holyoke to a hair, until an industrial crisis involving the I. W. W. and a dynamite plot on the part of the manufacturers convinces us that we are in Lawrence, with its neighboring Andover. A composite scene, no doubt, and none the less "convincing" for that. Mr. Churchill has rendered with extraordinary breadth and sympathy the New England manufacturing city, with its enterprise and its squalor, its huge industrial "plants" driving always remorselessly for increased dividends, its polyglot hordes kept within bounds, for the most part, by the slender but steely filaments of necessity. Claude Ditmar, manager of the Chippering Mill, is a striking portrait of the successful American, the type lauded by that quaintly single-minded judge of men, the magazine of efficiency. Mr. Churchill is not single-minded. He shows Ditmar not merely as the machine which runs the Chippering more skilfully than it has ever been run before, but as the man who has failed to do anything else. He is the spoiled child of opportunity, whose life, outside his job, is nothing better than a feeble and complacent trifling with the toy of the moment, which is usually a woman. He breaks one of his smug rules for right living—not to mingle sex and business—when he takes as private stenographer a girl upon whom he has not unfamiliar designs. Her father, who happens to be the Chippering gatekeeper, is the feeble relic of a strong old Puritan stock, a racial failure who worships the Bumpus genealogy and hates the foreigners swarming within his gates. Much of the old virtue lingers in the girl, not knowing what to do with its modern housing. Something fierce and remote in her nature, a half-felt strength and fineness, enchants the experienced Ditmar. He seduces her, and, revolted at his trickery, she will not accept the offered reparation of marriage. The industrial worm turns against the Chippering gates, and the girl actively joins the enemies of Ditmar and the world he represents. Meanwhile, another influence has entered her life in the person of an humanitarian gentleman-author of whom she has once had a glimpse in blessed Silliston, that place of comfort in which she feels that she "belongs." He,

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with a friend and female counterpart, descends upon Hampton in its time of stress, to do good in an unassuming way. The girl Janet, I. W. W. worker though she is, they accept as a friend, and when she presently falls ill they take her to Silliston and there nurse her back to life. There a new world opens to her, a world of culture and of quietly ordered content. Meanwhile, time is passing, and the day comes when she has to tell the woman friend (what her physician has not discovered!) that she is about to have a child. Thereafter events become more unreal to the end. The man friend, the gentleman-author, falls in love with Janet, is permitted to propose marriage before he learns of her condition, runs away; and, later, after she has become a mother, again asks her to become his wife, asserting that the past makes no difference. But Janet knows that this would not do; she has really loved Ditmar, after all, she could not make the gentleman-author happy, and it is no doubt as well for everybody concerned that Mr. Churchill, following the best precedents, permits her to slip out of life at this embarrassing juncture. With equal wisdom he leaves Hampton's industrial problem unsolved. The I. W. W. forces have won a strike, but the principles of Syndicalism are not therefore established. Ditmar is dead, but the American business man still lives. There will be other strikes, other victories on one side or the other. . . . Who knows? One closes the record with the impression that, as Mr. Churchill has solved Janet's knot by cutting it, he is fain to dispose of the industrial problem by retiring from it, as Janet has done, to some kindlier, mellower atmosphere, some sheltered Silliston of the soul, some favored dwelling place of sweetness and of light.

Aristophanes

The Wasps of Aristophanes. With a Translation into Corresponding Metres, Introduction, and Commentary. By Benjamin Bickley Rogers. London: G. Bell & Sons.

NEXT to being a great author the most enviable literary lot is that of the interpreter who identifies himself and his life-work with one as Munro did with Lucretius or Jowett with Plato. Mr. Rogers has been translating and editing Aristophanes for forty years, and now having completed his translation he is republishing all the separate issues and reissues in a definitive six-volume edition of the eleven plays, with the Menaechmi of Plautus thrown in for good measure. It is no disparagement of Mr. Rogers to say that his work is like Grote's History of Greece, the achievement of an amateur—an amateur who, in knowledge and judgment, surpasses all but the greatest specialists, but still an amateur. In amplitude and splendor of equipment his Aristophanes recalls Jebb's Sophocles, but cannot otherwise be compared with that masterpiece of finish and finality. The readable and discursive introductions and the commentary contain all the information needed by the undergraduate or the general reader, and the critical appendices present a sufficiency of varied readings collected from the editions in the writer's library. But the scholar must not expect to find in them the erudite collections of Blaydes or the linguistic knowledge of Starkie. Still less can they console us for the loss of the promised edition of Prof. John Williams White.

The chief value of Mr. Rogers's work lies in the admirable accompanying translation, which it is to be hoped will be reprinted in a single volume for those who cannot afford to pay three dollars for a play or twenty or thirty dollars for the entire edition. If this were done, the professor of Greek would have his answer ready to the question perpetually addressed to him, How may an English reader get some idea of Aristophanes? At present the best thing available is the reprint in Morley's library of Frere's brilliant but free version of the Acharnians, Knights, and Birds, supplemented perhaps by Tyrrell's Acharnians and Murray's Frogs. But there has been no good translation of the whole, none that combines faithfulness and spirit in anything like the measure achieved here. Mr. Rogers is especially successful in the lyrics which he usually renders in rhythms as nearly as possible analogous to the metres of the original. Here, for example, is the chorus's appeal for a favorable judgment of this play:

> But O for the future, my Masters, pray
> Show more regard for a genuine Bard
> Who is ever inventing amusements new
> And fresh discoveries, all for you.
> Make much of his play, and store it away,
> And into your wardrobes throw it
> With the citrons sweet: and if this you do,
> Your clothes will be fragrant, the whole year through,
> With the volatile wit of the Poet.

And here is the boast of the Attic wasps that they are the only true children of the soil:

> Do you wonder, O spectators, thus to see me spliced and braced,
> Like a wasp in form and figure, tapering inwards at the waist?
> Why I am so, what's the meaning of this sharp and pointed sting,
> Easily I now will teach you, though you "knew not anything."
> We on whom this stern-appendage, this portentous tail is found,
> Are the genuine old Autochthons, native children of the ground;
> We the only true-born Attics, of the staunch heroic breed,
> Many a time have fought for Athens, guarding her in hours of need;
> When with smoke and fire and rapine forth the fierce barbarian came,
> Eager to destroy our wasps-nests, smothering all the town in flame,
> Out at once we rushed to meet him: on with shield and spear we went,
> Fought the memorable battle, primed with fiery hardiment;
> Man to man we stood, and grimly gnawed for rage our under lips.
> Hah! their arrows hail so densely, all the sun is in eclipse!
> Yet we drove their ranks before us, ere the fall of eventide:
> As we closed, an owl flew o'er us, and the Gods were on our side!
> Stung in jaw, and cheek, and eyebrow, fearfully they took to flight,
> We behind them, we harpooning at their slops with all our might:
> So that in barbarian countries, even now the people call
> Attic wasps the best, and bravest, yea, the manliest tribe of all!

He is perhaps less happy in reproducing the mere fun and buffoonery, "the broad farce and vulgar scurrility," for which, like Aristotle and Plutarch, he feels an imperfect sympathy. And indeed the best translation can provoke at most the retrospective smile of scholarship and culture, instead of the guffaw of what Browning calls "the boy's frank laugh." For no formal and printable translation can recreate the atmosphere of an Aristophanic comedy—the cumulative hilarity of the exuberant rush of puns, surprises, local hits, and topical song allusions. Only an impressionistic *viva-voce* version, compact of up-to-date analogies and equivalents, could approximate to that effect, and such a rendering, if printed, would lose its flavor and become more obsolete than Aristophanes himself in a decade.

The critical appendix reprints from the edition of 1875 a complaint of the false ingenuity of German criticism with

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the comment, "This evil has not diminished since 1875." But perverse ingenuity in defence of a thesis is not confined to the Germans; it is a malady incident to human or philological nature. Mr. Rogers himself takes the American humor of Aristophanes seriously in order to maintain his thesis that the touches of buffoonery in the play were no part of the original design, but were added to please the gallery. Xanthias, the slave, describing his old master's litigious humor, exaggerates in the vein of the comic paragrapher. To cure the old man's infatuation they took him over the water to Ægina for incubation in the temple of Æsculapius. But all the same he popped up in the court-room at early dawn. They made him a sergeant in the Salvation Army, and he burst into court, drum and all. "But," says Mr. Rogers, "when the chorus appears they speak of a very different state of things." And in this inconsistency he sees "solid grounds for believing" that the scenes which appeal to the lower tastes of the audience were added by an afterthought.

Lighthouses and Lightships

Lighthouses and Lightships of the United States. By George R. Putnam, United States Commissioner of Lighthouses. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2 net.

THERE is a powerful fascination in the subject of lighthouse service, even to those who never go down to the sea in ships. The lonely task of the keeper appeals deeply to human sympathy, and the steadfast heroism with which these lonely keepers so generally rise to the tremendous responsibilities that may at any time be thrust upon them wins our unbounded admiration. And aside from the vicissitudes of the storm, the service has its series of tragedies growing out of the isolation from human society which it imposes, such as that woven into verse by Edmund Clarence Stedman, in his story of the keeper of Castle Island Light and his three daughters, ending with the sad picture of the midsummer moon, as

> It glistened down on a lighthouse tower,
> A beach on either hand,
> And the features wan of a gray old man
> Digging a grave in the sand.

The volume of Commissioner Putnam naturally gives some attention to this phase of the subject, though its primary purpose is a connected account, historical and descriptive, of the lighting of our American coasts, lakes, and rivers, including fog signals, buoys, and other such appliances as have been devised to save life and property from the perils of rocks and shoals. The book is written for the general reader, but one wonders whether the author would not have been well advised to assume in such readers the ability and willingness to penetrate a little deeper into the scientific phases of the subject, even at the expense of considerable mental effort. A glance at the new Encyclopædia Britannica article on Lighthouses, and especially its illustrations, will suggest that the author might have greatly enhanced the value of this volume without taking it in any respect out of the mental reach of the great majority of those who were likely to read it.

To the reviewer, born by the Ohio some years before the first Government light was placed by any of our mid-Western rivers, it seems a defect that some tribute is not paid to the skill of the old-time river pilot, whose practiced eye could steer by the dim outlines of the hilltops in the gloom of a moonless night, and deal in the daytime with the shifting shoals and channels of the Missouri and Mississippi, not through buoys and spars, but through subtle perception of the changes produced in the appearance of the water. In these waters a related service, the removal of "snags," has probably contributed more to the safety of boats than the providing of lights. In George B. Merrick's "Old Times on the Upper Mississippi," reviewed in these columns some years ago, the statement is made that of two hundred and ninety-five recorded steamboat wrecks on the Missouri between 1842 and 1895, a hundred and ninety-three were by snagging. But even if the river light service has not much of the element of life and property-saving in it, as compared with similar service on the seacoast and lakes, it is recognized by river men as a great convenience, and many a boat now goes its way under conditions which in former times would have forced it to the shore to wait for the light of day.

Mr. Putnam touches briefly upon one of the uglier phases of lighthouse history in earlier times, the opposition to the introduction of lights on the part of wreckers accustomed to live upon the spoils of marine disaster. When Sir John Killegrew asked James I for permission to build a lighthouse on the Lizard, he met with Cornish opponents, who, he says, "affirme I take away God's grace from them. They have been so long used to repe profitt by the callamyties of the ruin of shipping that they clayme it heredytarye, and heavely complayne on me." Opposition to the building of a lighthouse on the Cape Cod coast for the same reason is recorded. A similar though less grewsome selfishness was shown by the "rapids pilots" of the upper Mississippi in their opposition to the Government project for the improvement of the channel.

The earliest recorded lighthouse (not mentioned by Commissioner Putnam) seems to have been one at Sigeum, in the Troad, referred to by the Greek poet, Lesches, in the seventh century B. C., about four hundred years before Sostratus of Cnidos constructed the Pharos of Alexandria. Since Commissioner Putnam's book was printed, Edgar J. Banks, the archæologist, has contributed to *Art and Archæology* a complete résumé of the information available, largely from Arabian writers, concerning the Alexandrian light. Considering the lasting fame of the Pharos, it is unfortunate that no certain information as to its height has come down to us. A possible inference from a statement by Josephus would make it less than one hundred and fifty feet, but any such conclusion seems incompatible with the impression which the structure made upon the imagination of those who saw it. It is probably a safe enough assumption that it was higher than any modern tower built for the same purpose on a sea-level base, since the increase in range of visibility and usefulness secured by great height is not considered to be worth the added expense of construction by modern lighthouse authorities. A light one hundred feet high has a range of about fifteen miles over the sea, and the addition of another hundred feet will increase this by less than five miles, because of the curvature of the earth's surface. Not many existing lights on low-lying coasts have an elevation materially over two hundred feet. Of the six iron openwork towers on the Florida Reefs, the tallest, that upon Sombrero Key, has its light only one hundred and forty-two feet above the water.

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Notes

"THE Note-Book of an Intelligence Officer," by Eric Fisher Wood, is announced for publication this month by the Century Co.

John C. Winston Co. will publish this month the following volumes: "The Gospel of the Kingdom," by Philip Mercer Rhinelander, Bishop of Pennsylvania; "Over There," by Harvey M. Watts; "Bible Books Outlines," by Rev. Arthur Emerson Harris, D.D.; "The Red Cross Girls Under the Stars and Stripes," by Margaret Vandercook; "The Ranch Girls and Their Great Adventure," by Margaret Vandercook.

AMONG the autumn publications of Henry Holt & Company are "Alsace-Lorraine Under German Rule," by Charles Downer Hazen; "The Wishing Ring Man," by Margaret Widdemer; "The Fortunes of Richard Mahony," by Henry Handel Richardson; "Understood Betsy," by Dorothy Canfield; "The Sturdy Oak," a composite novel by fourteen writers of some note; "The Seventh Christmas," by Coningsby Dawson; "The Reminiscences of Raphael Pumpelly"; "Over Japan Way," by Alfred M. Hitchcock; "Pioneering Where the World Is Old," by Alice Tisdale; "The Soul of the Russian Revolution," by Moissaye J. Olgin; "The Expansion of Europe," by Wilbur Cortez Abbott; "Topography and Strategy in the War," by Douglas W. Johnson; "Serbia," by L. F. Waring; "Organized Banking," by Eugene E. Agger; "Our Democracy," by James H. Tufts; "Moral Values," by Walter Goodnow Everett; "A Holiday in Umbria," by Sir Thomas Graham Jackson; "Abdul Hamid," by Sir Edwin Pears; "Portraits and Protests," by Sarah N. Cleghorn; "On Contemporary Literature," by Stuart P. Sherman; "Some Modern Novelists," by Helen T. and Wilson Follett; "The Raven Patrol of Bob's Hill," by Charles Pierce Burton, and "Flower Lore and Legend," by Katharine M. Beals.

UNDER the auspices of the American School Peace League, two sets of prizes, to be known as the Seabury Prizes, are offered for the best essays on one of the following subjects: (1.) The Teaching of Democracy as a Factor in a League of Nations (open to seniors in normal schools). (2.) How Should the World Be Organized so as to Prevent Wars in the Future? (open to seniors in secondary schools). Three prizes of seventy-five, fifty, and twenty-five dollars will be given for the best essays in both sets. Inquiries concerning the conditions of the contest, which will close March 1, 1918, should be sent to the Secretary of the League, Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, 405 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.

FROM the press of Dodd, Mead has just come a well-printed, fairly well illustrated little volume under the curiosity-arousing title of "Secrets of the Submarine" ($1.25 net). The author, Mr. Marley F. Hay, touching but lightly on historical development or the technique of hull and engine design (subjects already treated by Burgoyne, Stirling, Hoar, and others), discusses in clear and simple language the armament of the submarine and the functions of its various mechanisms. He tells the story of human life on board these craft. He describes the way in which they are maintained, operated, and fought; the special dangers to which they and their crews are exposed, and the devices by which it is sought to counteract those dangers. He indicates many of the problems connected with them which remain to be solved and he analyzes Germany's building facilities. He reaches the conclusion that these facilities can not produce the large number asserted; and he estimates the number probably now in commission. Besides giving America credit for the original invention by Holland, the author, with propriety, might also have mentioned Sperry's gyroscopic compass, without which submarines could not navigate under water; Admiral Howell's first employment of the gyroscope to make the torpedo run straight, and the heating of the air in the Whitehead torpedo to gain speed and distance, due to the late Walter N. Hill. The chapter on Submarine Antidotes is not encouraging; that on the Sphere of the Submarine is conservative, valuable, thoughtful. Appearing at this time and coming from so competent and well-informed a source, this work merits and doubtless will receive extensive and careful reading, for who to-day is not keenly interested in this new weapon and its hideous misuse by our enemy?

THE women war-workers of England, from V. A. D. nurse to munition maker, have so often been held up in a semi-heroic pose that it is refreshing to have in a volume edited by Gilbert Stone and written by the women themselves, "Women War Workers" (Crowell; $1.65 net), a purely human picture of the conditions and consequences of the entry of 600,000 women into British industry. Far from exacting a uniform sacrifice, the opening of new doors meant generally an opportunity eagerly seized, as is shown to-day when two passing women bus-conductors taunt a domestic sweeping the snow from before a house: "Now, then, Mary, that's right. Clear away the snow so that master sha'n't wet his feet." "Poor slaves! And the money they get!" In these pages one woman tells how well her sex takes to the oil, dirt, long hours, and monotony of making shells and fuses; another how women plough, harrow, seed, and reap at 15s. a week; another how postwomen sally forth in brogans to carry drygoods catalogues up the endless stairs of a long street of mansions, and remain cheerful withal; another how women have gone by thousands into banks and counting-rooms; and another how they drive butchers' carts and milk wagons. A really eloquent, vivid, and closely-knit description of nursing at the French front is given by Grace Ellison, founder of the French Flag Nursing Corps, and there are, of course, accounts of the V. A. D. nurses and welfare workers. Heroism in all this adaptation of British womanhood to the exigencies of the hour there is, but it is heroism of an unassuming, universal, often even careless sort. That the struggle has made for democracy among women as among men is emphasized; the remark of a machine worker—"Say, Doll, see that there lydy on the end machine? They do say as 'ow she's a Dook"—is made almost commonplace; the book is first-hand evidence of how the whole British social fabric has been reknit for the high purposes of the war.

MR. HENRY N. BRAILSFORD describes his book, "A League of Nations" (Macmillan; $1.75), as the pursuit of a single idea through a wandering course. "The meaning of the war was changed from the moment that the conception of a League of Nations became, through the prophetic declarations of Mr. Asquith, the eloquent hints of M. Briand, the reasoned support of Lord Grey, the determined

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advocacy of President Wilson, and the support of the German Chancellor [!], the programme of statesmen who have power to realize it." The formation of the League, however, must be got at immediately: "The danger is not that we shall deliberately reject the programme of a League of Nations: it is that we shall postpone it. Because the noise of strife has distracted our efforts to think of it at leisure, we are tempted to thrust it into the remoter future. To postpone it may be in effect to reject it. . . . The hope of the world is in our grasp. At the settlement of this war we may realize it. If that moment escapes us, we and our children may expiate our cowardice and our indecision in an epoch which will turn to revolution as a mild alternative to war." But "we are nearer to our goal than we know." So much for the single idea. Its elaboration is indeed by way of considerable rambling—not aimless at all, but amidst a deal of discouraging detail not shot through by beams of light and insight. The chief impression the reader acquires from the body of this book is of the hopeless intricacy of national interests; and he ends by wondering how they stayed settled, or at least fairly quiescent, as long as they did. He inclines to believe that such an adjustment as their complexity will permit has come about automatically, by the intangible action of cosmic forces making for some unpredictable end. The author cannot be accused of minimizing the difficulties in the way of any league of nations whatever; rather, he convinces the reader who is not already a partisan that the formation of such is beyond the powers of human ratiocination. In his conclusion, the author gathers up his contentions and suggestions into brief statement, with the result that his wanderings appear, in retrospect, not so purposeless; and he then proposes a definite War Settlement and a constitution and principles of his League of Nations. Such are the results towards which he has "groped" in striving to answer the question put to himself at the outset: "Under what political and economic conditions would the creation of a League of Nations be a hopeful venture?"

IT is manifestly impossible to summarize his book or to criticise in detail statements and views beside which stand queries. Time and again, however, the reviewer has found himself wondering how the author could refer to Germany with such mildness and consideration. He reserves his censure for the impersonal: "There was in Europe a cause of war broader and more potent than Prussian militarism, the system or want of a system which forbade organic change without war. One may give it another name. It was the anarchic and individualistic tradition of the sovereign state, which regarded all interference from outside or from above as an intolerable infringement of its natural right of independence." You cannot expect Germans "to realize to-morrow that theirs was the aggression. . . . What one may expect is not so much the sense that Germany has sinned beyond the measure of other nations, as a perception that the whole system of international relations that obtained before the war was anarchical and faulty, that every nation has suffered and erred by turns under this system, and that the future calls for radical reconstruction in a spirit of tolerance and charity." So this is the way of it! The thief and his victim, the rapist and the defiled—all, alas! in the same sad box, due to a faulty social system that "we" allowed to persist! This kind of talk more than mildly irritates the soul of the reviewer, who is unphilosophical enough to believe that reparation and restitution not only satisfy justice, to the weal of the whole race, but also are apt, having been imposed, to induce in the mind of the evil-doer a certain set of reminiscences of a deterrent and even transformative order. "Powerless or free" seems about to hit it. But sentiments such as those indicated above are not very likely to be excavated out of a rather tedious book by any one whom they will mislead. There is a great deal to think of in this volume—it is by no means negligible—when one has once forced oneself to ignore the absence of generous and righteous wrath and of a disposition not to take the hand from the plough till the furrow is done.

IN exhilarating contrast to Mr. Brailsford's book stands Prof. Gilbert Murray's "Faith, War, and Policy," a series of essays and addresses on the European war (Houghton Mifflin; $1.25 net). Mr. Murray thinks that the interest his book may possess will be, in large part, historical. Herein he is incorrect; for, while it certainly has historic interest, its appeal is human above all, and also æsthetic, if that is not too formal a word to apply to fascinating reading. The author is satisfying to the intellect and the heart at one and the same time. Here is the righteous indignation, overlying the pain and distress, that any right-minded man must feel at the present time. We must not hate, we are told (in August, 1914), but there is to be no softening of fibre—resolution rather "to face death and kill. For there is that side of it too. We have now not only to strain every nerve to help our friend—we must strain every nerve also to injure our enemy. This is horrible, but we must try to face the truth. For my own part, I find that I do desperately desire to hear of German dreadnoughts sunk in the North Sea. Mines are treacherous engines of death; but I should be only too glad to help to lay one of them. When I see that

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20,000 Germans have been killed in such-and-such an engagement, and next day that it was only 2,000, I am sorry. That is where we are. We are fighting for that which we love, whatever we call it. It is the Right, but it is something even more than the Right. For our lives, for England, for the liberty of western Europe, for the possibility of peace and friendship between nations; for something that we should rather die than lose. And lose it we shall unless we can beat the Germans." This passage gives a fair idea of the temper, eloquence, and style of this book. All the essays and addresses were published or given prior to March of this year, and have been altered in no respect. The author is a legitimate object of envy on the part of a number of us who are too old to serve in any capacity that counts, and are not masters of the art which Mr. Murray exemplifies with such apparent lack of calculation or effort. The sentiments of these utterances should get before the minds of all of us Americans, and in particular into the minds of those incomprehensibles who talk of "those bloodthirsty Europeans" who will not compromise, or who declare that none of the warring nations know what they are fighting about because there is no reason at all for the war. Perhaps the torpid mental processes of some of these people may be stirred by Professor Murray's wholesome words.

DR. EDITH E. WARE'S "Political Opinion in Massachusetts during Civil War and Reconstruction," the latest number in the Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law (Longmans, Green; $1.75), will not, we fear, be altogether pleasant reading to those who like to think that Massachusetts has not only led other States in the clearness and strength of its public spirit, but has also been prevailingly on the right side of national issues. The failure of an influential minority to read the signs of the times, and to realize that the South would not hesitate to carry its threats into effect; the disposition to acquiesce in secession if the South really desired to withdraw; the strong support for compromise; the reluctant acceptance of emancipation as an issue; the strength of Copperheadism; the persistent criticism of Lincoln's Administration, and the small constructive part that was played in the Civil War crisis by the literary group which made Boston famous, are incidents which, however overshadowed by the ultimate support for the Union cause, fill a considerable place in Miss Ware's careful and scholarly narrative. The Union party in Massachusetts in 1860 fairly merited Henry L. Dawes's characterization of it as "a class of simple-minded people who believe that the sun rises in Chelsea, comes up over State Street, hovers about the State House, and sinks in the waters of Back Bay"; and although, after war began, the spirit of patriotic acquiescence grew apace, Boston could nevertheless give McClellan an impressive reception in 1863. Happily, Miss Ware's study brings out also the excellent work of Charles Eliot Norton and others, through the Loyal Publication Society, and the memorable activities of Governor Andrew. The lack of an index is only in part made good by an analytical table of contents.

"THE Life of Dr. Lyman Spalding," by his grandson, James Alfred Spalding (Boston: W. M. Leonard), presents the activities and letters of a physician who was prominent as a teacher and practitioner of medicine in the early part of the past century. The life span represented is 1775-1821, and the field of effort largely New England. Dr. Spalding's principal contribution to the progress of medicine in the United States was in the establishment of the United States Pharmacopœia, but his labors with Nathan Smith in founding the Dartmouth Medical School were most important, as also his duties as lecturer on chemistry and materia medica in that school. The present account, with abstracts from his various writings on vaccination, fever, materia medica, and related subjects, gives an interesting picture of one phase of the early medical history of this country.

The Passing of Matthew Maris

WHEN the death of Matthew Maris was recently announced in the London papers the world had forgotten not the artist, but the fact that he was alive. Even before the war, while the few who cared knew vaguely that he lived, a very old man, somewhere in London, little was heard of him. His existence was that of a hermit, he had ceased to exhibit or sell, he belonged by traditions and methods and ideals to an earlier generation, to a school that has left no followers. Harpignies, who also has died since the beginning of the war, was much older, but Harpignies was still a man of the day, still a regular exhibitor at the Salon. Maris, as a personal figure, had disappeared as completely as if he had been the contemporary of Rembrandt or of Hals.

This does not mean, however, that his art had disappeared. It could not disappear, for it is of the stuff that endures. If he was as dead to the world as one who has long since passed from it, the reason was partly because of his deliberate seclusion, partly because of his association with a movement of which he was the last representative. His life was ever quiet and uneventful. I doubt if it contained any save the one great adventure in 1870 when, a student in Paris, he was enrolled in the National Guard for the defence of the town. As a man he had no fancy to appear before the footlight of publicity; as an artist he found his amusement and relaxation, as well as his occupation, in his work. He was retired by nature, art absorbed all his energies. Other artists have preferred retirement, other artists have devoted themselves wholly and entirely to art. But Maris was a more lonely man than most, he lived by himself, he settled eventually in London, where he had come to design stained glass for Cottier, he was far from Holland and his family, he made no endeavor to form new friendships; and there is no question that, in the course of time, he became the slave of his habits of solitude and work and a problem to people who can see only an eccentric in the man who is not like all other men.

When Millet in Barbizon lived the peasant's life that best suited him, the sentimentalists wept over the fate of the master disdained by an ignorant public. And so with Maris. When he shut himself up in what was discomfort judged by conventional standards, he was pitied for his poverty and the world's neglect. But the truth is Maris was never really poor, he was never neglected. His paintings, when he would part with them, had their price, though it may not have been the price they fetched afterwards in the salesroom. I am told that an appreciative admirer guaranteed to him an income for life which he had only to accept to be freed from financial worry. If the world was not forever knock-

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ing at his studio door, the dealers were, and their knock was much more practical. But then Maris usually refused to open, no matter how hard they banged. I remember in the old days of the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street, the excitement and pride of Van Wisselingh—the owner of the gallery and until his own death Maris's nearest and most helpful friend—when he had a new Maris to show to the critics and the favored few who understood. But twenty years ago the new Maris was already fast becoming so rare that Van Wisselingh did not often enjoy the opportunity of displaying it. The other morning when Maris was buried from the old church in Church Row, Hampstead, it was suggestive, if sad, to note how the dealers cared enough to attend if the artists did not. The difficulty was that Maris grew more exact as he grew older, lost in ever more mystic visions, haunted by ever more subtle beauty. The true rarity was his own satisfaction with his work, and when it fell short of his unattainable ideals he would not let it out of his studio. As far as I know, no new Maris has been exhibited now for many years.

While he lived the life of a recluse, the artists of the group with whom he was identified died one after the other, and the artistic fashion of the moment banished them from current exhibitions. They were the men who have become known as the Dutch Romanticists and who, to *les jeunes* of to-day, are as hopelessly *vieux jeu*, as out-moded, as the Pre-Raphaelites. Their masters were the Barbizon Romanticists who had no direct descendants in France, tradition there having a way of carrying itself on by what looks—until one gets far enough from it—like rebellion or a declaration of independence. On the face of it, there seems a very distant relationship between the impressionism of Manet and Monet, Renoir and Pissarro, and the Romanticism of Courbet and Rousseau, Diaz and Millet. But there is no mistaking the source from which came the inspiration of the Dutchmen, Matthew, Jacob, and William Maris, Mauve, Mesdag, and the lesser painters of the group. They were born legitimately of Barbizon and, with one exception, never strayed far from its borders. Because they, with their masters, had dropped the old classical formula, they were supposed—as every new school always has been supposed—to have gone straight to nature and to be realists in their interpretation of the subjects she provides. But the only real difference was the manner of subject they sought in nature and the formula they invented for its expression. They believed in dignity of composition, in elegance of pattern, in harmony of color, but they believed too that for these qualities it was not necessary to travel to Rome and Greece or any further than their front door. It was a fault all the easier to accept in Holland, where Hobbema and Ruysdael had already revealed the same truth in their landscapes. The Barbizon men painted the forest on one side of their village and the plain on the other. The Dutchmen, again with one exception, painted the low cloud-laden skies, the sombre towns, the rich moist pastures, the many waters, the dunes and dykes they saw wherever they might turn in their own picturesque land, but all these subjects were made to conform to the formula that had for its very basis respect for beauty and deference to tradition.

The one exception was Matthew Maris. His brother, Jacob Maris, after the first few years, kept on painting Dutch towns and Dutch skies to the end; his brother William never deserted Dutch pastures. Mauve was faithful to the gray dunes, Mesdag to the gray waters of Holland. To see one of their pictures, one might almost say, is to have seen them all. But Matthew Maris wandered from subject to subject, from motive to motive. In the beginning, he painted landscape or townscape. The little Souvenir d'Amsterdam is a marvel of the detail the Pre-Raphaelites set out to paint, and has a breadth, a serenity, they could never equal. The little Montmartre, perfect like a flower, remains in my memory as vivid as the first time I saw it. The figures of his early period are no less lovely and tender. But presently the facts of nature and of architecture ceased to yield to him the beauty he was seeking, and he relied upon his imagination for the sole facts that interested and enthralled him. Nature was the excuse, a peg to hang his fantasies and fancies on. He was not content in his Butterflies to show the tenderness of the flower-strewn grass and the form of the little girl stretched upon it, but the butterflies must hover and quiver about her as if charged with a message of beauty as impossible to grasp as they themselves. It was not to tell anew old fairy tales, one feels, that he painted his Enchanted Wood, his Prince and Princess, but to express beauty so elusive that he, its creator, could but dimly comprehend it. Elusiveness is the chief characteristic of his later works. There may be, there is in many of them, the beauty of paint, the beauty of design, the beauty of color—the artist's beauty; he never shook off the principles inherited from Barbizon to emulate the coarse, slovenly, disorderly painting of the new generation; but there is besides an evasive beauty not easy to define. A brooding sense of mystery pervades his canvases. They have an air of meaning more than paint can express, of being filled with infinite longing, with unutterable secrets. I can understand why he as painter has been compared to Maeterlinck as poet, though what comes within the poet's scope is often beyond the painter's, and Maris's art in the end suffered rather than gained by his dreaming. I sometimes think this strange elusiveness is not a quality he sought, but is due entirely to his own inability to clothe his visions in paint, to give material form to the beauty of his ardent seeking. The mystery deepened further as time went on, the beauty was more and more enveloped in vague, indefinite shadows. The last painting of his I saw was some cathedral or church interior in which absolutely nothing was visible save ghostly architectural dimness, that seemed to fade even as one looked, and I remember drawings in which nothing at all was visible of design or intention.

Maris, in his last silent years, probably became even vaguer and vaguer, ghostlier and ghostlier, in his endeavor to interpret a beauty that forever evaded him, and this may have been why in the end he shrank from allowing his paintings to pass beyond the studio door. He had never been prolific at the best, his standard was too high. If I am not mistaken, not more than thirty-one pictures have been catalogued as his life's work. Of his latest period nothing as yet is known, nothing, the chances are, having satisfied the fastidious aims he had set himself—or realized the mystic dreams he dreamed. If he left any canvases in his studio, it is to be hoped that the decision to exhibit them or not will fall to a sympathetic friend or critic. For Matthew Maris was a great artist, and he should be remembered not by the paintings he may have been wise in not showing, but by his masterpieces, of which the regret is, and must ever be, that there should remain so few. N. N.

London, September 16

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Notes from the Capital

Francis E. Warren

GENERAL PERSHING has one friend in Washington who feels a lively interest in whatever he does, quite apart from the patriotic interest we all feel in the warrior whose success will mean so much for our country. This is his father-in-law, Francis Emroy Warren, who started life as a farmer in the Berkshire Hills, and is now serving his fourth term as Senator from Wyoming. He, too, was once a soldier, having enlisted at the age of eighteen as a private in the Forty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, the Berkshire regiment, in 1862, and left the army a non-commissioned officer. He cherishes among his most precious relics of the Civil War the medal of honor conferred upon him for gallantry at the siege of Port Hudson. A few years after the return of peace, finding New England a trifle tame, he migrated to the West "to grow up with the country." A good-looking blond of twenty-four, with six feet of height, broad shoulders, stout muscles, a fair English education, and a distinct notion of making his way, he was drafted by the people of Wyoming Territory into their political service, beginning with the Legislature and including the Mayoralty of Cheyenne. The Republicans, also, sent him to all their great party conventions. President Arthur appointed him Governor of the Territory just before President Cleveland came in; and, as it was the first instance where a local resident had been thus honored in preference to a carpet-bagger, Cleveland was disposed to let him stay in spite of his politics. But reports presently reached the new President's ears that Warren was a "land-grabber," a "cattle baron," a "corporation monopolist," and a half-dozen other things calculated to stir up trouble, so the Governor's chair was summarily emptied and a man named Baxter put into it. Baxter, however, soon became involved in a public land scheme which Cleveland disapproved, and off came his official head in turn. One of Harrison's first acts as President was to make Warren Governor again, thereby drawing upon himself a volley of censure from Cleveland's friends, who seemed to regard the restoration as a contemptuous fling at their leader. The whole matter was taken out of the atmosphere of Federal controversy in 1890 by the admission of Wyoming to Statehood and the instant election of Warren to the Governorship by popular ballot.

Though gratified at what he accepted as a vindication, Warren remained Governor less than three months, resigning to go to Washington as United States Senator. The uncertainties of politics in those days were well illustrated by the circumstance that, though Warren was hailed everywhere, at the time of his election, as an advocate of free silver coinage, he voted against the heresy at the first opportunity which offered. In his own State this departure produced a profound sensation of disappointment, but did not permanently affect his standing in the political world, for the Legislature reëlected him when his original term as Senator expired; whereas his colleague, Joseph M. Carey, who had voted the same way, was unceremoniously dropped. In the adjacent Territory of Utah the feeling was so bitter against both Warren and Carey that they were hanged in effigy in front of the City Hall at Ogden; and even the acting Chief of Police, in ordering the removal of the unsightly spectacle, felt constrained to announce apologetically: "With no hostility to the Silver bill, with every friendly feeling for free coinage, and only for the purpose of preventing an obstruction to the street, I order the bodies cut down."

Warren has outlived the rancors of that "money war," and probably will never see another during his public life, as he has expressed his intention of retiring at the close of his present term. He has been a conspicuous figure in the Senate, not only in debate, but in committee activities as well, having for several years been chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs—an office he was holding when Pershing was raised at one jump from a captaincy in the cavalry to a brigadier-generalship over the heads of eight hundred and sixty-two seniors. He was also the hero of an episode which excited much caustic comment from those persons who still cling to the ancient tradition that the Senate is an august legislative body. Tillman, of South Carolina, was moving about the chamber one day when Warren observed the neck of a bottle protruding from one of his side pockets. Embracing an opportunity while Tillman was listening to the pending debate too intently to notice anything else, Warren tiptoed up behind him, abstracted the bottle, read its label with corrugated brow, uncorked it and sniffed its contents, wagging his head ominously the while, to the uproarious merriment of the spectators in the galleries and several of the younger Senators, but to the violent disgust of the debaters, who could hardly make themselves heard above the laughter. Tillman afterwards recovered his bottle, explained that the liquid it contained was nothing worse than a gargle for his sore throat, and bandied a little good-humored chaff with Warren over the incident, which, trivial as it may appear in the reading, never misses a recall when Warren's name is mentioned in the gossip of the cloak-rooms.

TATTLER

Reviews of Plays

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Maycliffe—summarize the significance of this little farce-comedy at the Bijou Theatre. Susanne, a charming but apparently irresponsible young woman, cannot make up her mind to interrupt her work for suffrage by marrying the very eligible Foxcroft Grey, who has sought her hand these many months. But, as she is really in love with "Foxie," she hits upon the plan of their being married and living together week-ends; the rest of the time she shall have for the blessed cause. Grey readily consents, and we see the venture tried out. How the primordial woman in her is awakened at their parting on the first Monday morning of their married life and how she insists upon breaking the written contract of her own dictation and becomes a normal wife, form a pretty story which is worked out by means of gay if sometimes quite ridiculous scenes. F.

"TIGER ROSE"

THOSE who like thrilling melodrama well acted and "produced under the personal direction of Mr. Belasco," will wish to see this play of the great Northwest at the Lyceum Theatre. The author, Willard Mack, is a member of the excellent cast in the rôle of a Northwest mounted policeman. His Irish brogue sounds almost too good to have been acquired, yet it is no better than the Scotch of Thomas Findlay in the part of factor of the trading-post or the broken English of Lenore Ulrich as the French-Canadian heroine, Tiger Rose. Here is an amazing richness of accent for a single play. The complex plot need not be recounted in detail. It is sufficient to say that it deals with the consuming love of the girl Rose, who has been adopted by the Scotchman, for a young American engineer attached to an adjoining camp. It is her efforts to shield him after he has committed murder—under the ægis of the unwritten law—which rouse the whole trading-post from its monotony and permit the audience to see each member of it in typical operation—the policeman, the factor, the doctor, the priest, poetic Pierre, and the old squaw woman. Stage thunder outdoes the bolts of Jove, pistols flash, a trapdoor and a hollow clock work wonders, and in the end—the infallible policeman gets his man. Yet we are left to infer that the devotion of Rose will prevail at the trial. F.

"THE LAND OF THE FREE"

AMERICANISM, under the spur of the new conditions, is likely to stalk the stage in several guises. In the play by Fannie Hurst and Harriet Ford at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, Americanism is considered in a plot based on the opportunities which the "land of the free" offers to an enterprising young immigrant. In the conduct of this theme the authors are satisfied to rely on a framework of melodrama which has been common property these many years. In a word, they use upon their valuable raw material the solvent of sentimentality, just as that was thought potent enough for the great block of crude matter which made up the plays dealing with corrupt capitalists a dozen years ago. Sonya, a young Russian immigrant, is introduced to this country by way of the usual sweatshops, wicked exploiters of labor, and wretched immorality. But, as she has the wit to appreciate the possibilities held forth by even such surroundings, she improves her conditions to the extent of marrying a rich social worker. Some of the scenes have an undeniable vividness and, owing largely to the acting of Florence Nash, a sparkling vivacity.

MARY S. WATTS is the author of "Three Short Plays" (Macmillan). All of them suggest the hand of a novelist rather than a dramatist. "An Ancient Dance," a farcical piece with a violent melodramatic development, is not wholly without theatrical value, and has some lively dialogue, but, as a whole, is trivial and invertebrate. The fundamental notion in "Civilization" is sound enough, but terribly trite. In composition the piece exhibits a certain ingenuity, and the personages in it talk naturally but are entirely conventional in type. "The Wearin' o' the Green" is a rattling farce, with plenty of action and indisputable theatrical possibilities, but is devoid of any distinctive quality.

The Economic Situation of France

FRANCE is at once an agricultural and an industrial country, in which the rural population represents about two-thirds of the whole. When war broke out on August 1, 1914, a great portion of the crops was yet unharvested, especially in the north and east of France. This was the invaded region, and it included 4,500,000 hectares or 8.4 per cent. of French territory. After the battle of the Marne, the invasion was reduced to two millions of hectares. It now occupies about 3 per cent. of French territory.

The entire crop of wheat was estimated at 8,700,000 tons, and the losses resulting from invaded territories at 700,000 tons. The average consumption in France is 9,400,000 tons. It was, therefore, necessary to import 1,400,000 tons. In spite of the departure of all men between eighteen and forty-seven years of age, the ploughing and sowing were accomplished. Whereas, however, in December, 1913, there were 3,200,000 horses in France, on July 1, 1915, there remained but 2,200,000, the others having been taken by the military authorities. Meteorological conditions were not favorable to crops, and the harvest fell to 6,400,000 tons. The Government requisitioned wheat and fixed a regulation price inapplicable for its requisitions, which brought down the average rate to 28 fr. per 100 kilos. The growers were alarmed and anxious, and consequently decreased their wheat sowings and took up other cereals such as oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, which had not been taxed. The state fixed a purchase price at 30 fr., then 33 fr. the metric quintal, while buying its wheat from foreign countries at the rate of 48 fr. and 50 fr. From 6,500,000 hectares (1 hectare equals 2½ acres) the land sown in wheat fell to 5,500,000 hectares in 1915 and to 5,000,000 hectares in 1916. The harvest in 1915 was estimated at 6 million tons and in 1916 at 5,800,000 tons.

The principal cereal in France after wheat is oats; the average number of hectares sown from 1904 to 1913 was 3,900,000 and the average of the crop was 4,900,000 tons. These sowings amounted to 3,260,000 hectares in 1915, and to 3,150,000 hectares in 1916. The crop in 1915 was 3,460,000 tons and in 1916 4,127,000 tons. The Government has recently taxed oats also by fixing the price at 28 fr. per quintal to induce growers to forsake the culture of oats for wheat.

The potato crop fell from 13,392,000 tons to 9,390,000 tons in 1915 and 9,130,000 tons in 1916. The wine production from an average of 62,700,000 hectolitres fell to 18,-

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100,000 hectolitres in 1915 and 33,457,000 in 1916. The other cereal crops were as follows:

	10-years' average metric tons.	1915.	1916.
Barley	976,000	530,000	617,000
Rye	1,300,000	842,000	911,600
Buckwheat	460,000		
Maize	560,000		

The Minister of Agriculture estimated that, for the decennial average, 1905-1914, the price of the quintal of wheat would be 24 fr. 80, or a total of 2,182 millions of francs. For 1915, the price was 30 fr., the figure reached being then 1,800 millions of francs, and for 1916, assuming that all the crop was sold at the rate of 30 fr., the total value should have reached 2,088 millions, an amount slightly inferior to that of the decennial average. The price of oats in 1914 was 23 fr. 80, or a total of 1,100 millions of francs. The total value of all cereals would have amounted to 4,088 millions.

The statistics on the milk industry made in 1902 had estimated the milk production at 84,500,000 hectolitres, and the total value of same at 1,307,500 fr., estimating the value of milk at 13 fr. 77 per hectolitre, which price is evidently not high.

Before the war, we had eight millions of milch cows. The requisitions, added to the disappearance of cows in the invaded districts, had brought down the figure to 6,300,000 on July 1, 1915. It has not increased since. It is, therefore, not surprising that milk and butter have risen in price. Nevertheless, a single instance may be mentioned to show the energy, will-power, and capability of French peasant women. The Germans advanced into the Brie country in August, 1914, occupying Coulommiers. But, in Paris, we have always had Brie cheese.

The sheep flock, which is constantly decreasing, has fallen from 16 million heads to 13,500,000; pigs have fallen from 7 millions to 5½ millions.

Measures of taxation only serve to produce scarcity of goods, when it is, on the contrary, only an increase in their production or their importation that can alone lower the price. The Government has taken to itself the right to tax everything, and all taxation provokes further taxation.

It was estimated that the yearly value of agricultural produce before the war was as follows:

		Million francs.
Vegetable produce		12,734
Animal produce:		
Dairy	1,307	
Butcher:		
Beef	1,319	
Mutton	279	
Pork	940	3,845
Wool	46	
Fresh cocoons	17	63
Total		16,642

What is the cost price to be deducted from this total? It is very difficult to determine it. By how much should this total be decreased on account of war events? It is very difficult to say. In view of the present prices, I do not think that it can be decreased by more than 15 per cent. to 20 per cent., or about three milliards.

YVES GUYOT

Editor of the *Journal des Economistes*

Finance

Our Export Trade and the Embargo on Neutrals

JULY of this year was the first month since November, 1914, in which this country's export trade fell below that of the same month a year before. The much-belated foreign trade statement for August, published last week, showed the same result. The decrease from 1916 was only $20,100,000, whereas the decrease of July was $70,300,000. Furthermore, our exports during August were $115,000,000 more than in July, and in fact considerably exceeded those of any of the first six months of 1916. Compared with August, 1915, exports had increased $229,000,000. Still, the fact remained of a second decrease from the year preceding, and it occurred notwithstanding average prices of materials were 40 per cent. higher than the year before.

What does this decrease mean? Probably the first answer would be that shortage of shipping facilities is a primary cause, with the German submarines still doing mischief (although at a steadily decreasing rate) and with the Dutch merchant fleet anchored for months in the Hudson River. Another suggestion is that our Government's policy of restricting exports to neutral countries had begun to work. It is certain that some classes of exports have been vetoed by the Washington authorities, in the case of neutral countries in free communication with Germany. The Embargo act passed by Congress on June 15, and the President's proclamation in accordance with it, on August 26, gave very wide power of restriction.

It could hardly have been officially exercised to a large degree on the trade of July and August, however; other causes must have been mainly operative. But exports to the neutrals were probably being held in check, even before the embargo proclamation. At any rate, there has been some indication of such a process in the course of the foreign exchange market, both during and since the month of August. On August 1, the New York rate of exchange on Stockholm was 32¼ cents to the crown; on September 1, it was 33⅜; a week ago, 34; last Thursday it was 37¾. Since 28⅞ cents is parity, the last price represents a 30 per cent. premium.

All of the other Scandinavian exchanges have moved similarly. Spanish exchange, whose parity is 19 1-3 cents to the peseta, rose from 22.10 on September 1 to 24.15 last week—a premium of 25 per cent. But the exchange market is not a final test; for our Government's embargo on gold exports to Spain would of itself govern the Madrid exchange rate, and, moreover, our own rate on the Scandinavian markets would be directly affected by depreciation of sterling at Stockholm or Copenhagen, due to the announced tightening of England's embargo on merchandise exports to the neutrals.

The actual change in our own trade with them cannot be determined until the Department of Commerce publishes the figures of exports in a given month classified according to destination, and the exceedingly leisurely statisticians of the Department have not yet given out those figures for any month later than June. In that month, we sent $22,100,000 worth of merchandise to the three Scandinavian countries, and $2,600,000 to Holland. The stopping of all exports to those countries would barely account for the de-

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crease in our export trade of August, and would not at all account for the decrease in July.

But what of the future? Imagining a complete embargo on exports to neutral Europe (including Spain and Switzerland), the decrease in our export trade might be estimated at $392,000,000. That was at any rate the total of our exports to them in the fiscal year ending last June. But such a reduction would still leave our export trade $1,560,000,000 above the fiscal year 1916 and $3,130,000,000 above 1915.

Behind all these immediate considerations we have the facts, first, that our export of munitions to our allies, and of material for manufacturing them, must in the nature of things keep up, and probably on an increasing scale; second, that our exports of grain to Europe and the rest of the world will certainly be larger than last year's, and at higher prices; third, that we have the commodities of all sorts which the outside world is compelled to buy in war time as it never has done in times of peace.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION

Aldrich, D. Enchanted Hearts. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Barlow, J. Irish Idylls. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Bowen, M. "William, by the Grace of God." Dutton. $1.50 net.
Cabell, J. B. The Cream of the Jest. McBride. $1.35 net.
Churchill, W. The Dwelling Place of Light. Macmillan. $1.60.
Culevain, P. de. The Unknown Isle. Dodd, Mead. $1.60 net.
Ferber, E. Fanny Herself. Stokes. $1.40 net.
Fox, J., Jr. In Happy Valley. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Gregorovitsch, D. The Fisherman. McBride. $1.50 net.
Hergesheimer, J. The Three Black Pennys. Knopf. $1.50 net.
Hopkins, W. J. The Clammer and the Submarine. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Jefferson, C. E. The Land of Enough. Crowell. 50 cents.
Johnston, M. The Wanderers. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Kingsley, F. M. Neighbors. Dodd, Mead.
Knipe, E. B. and A. A. The Lost Little Lady. Century. $1.35 net.
Kyne, P. B. Webster Man's Man. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
MacHarg, W., and Balmer, E. The Indian Drum. Little, Brown. $1.40 net.
Machen, A. The Terror. McBride. $1.25 net.
Mitchell, J. A. Drowsy. Stokes. $1.50 net.
Rice, A. H. Calvary Alley. Century. $1.35 net.
Snaith, J. C. The Coming. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Stuart, F. P. Piang. Century. $1.35 net.
Wadsley, O. Conquest. Dodd, Mead. $1.40 net.
White, M. B. Letters from Harry and Helen. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.
Wilkinson, L. A Chaste Man. Knopf. $1.50 net.

MISCELLANEOUS

Alden, R. M. Tennyson: How to Know Him. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50 net.
American Ideals. Edited by N. Foerster and W. W. Pierson, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Berden, L. Pictures of Ruined Belgium. Lane. $3 net.
Borton, M. P. C. Our Parish Church: A Devotional Anthology. Oxford University Press. $1.
Brailsford, H. N. A League of Nations. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Brown, H. C. New York of To-day. New York: Old Colony Press. $1.50.
Burleigh, L. The Community Theatre. Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
Cammaerts, E. Through the Iron Bars. Lane. 75 cents net.
Chapin, F. S. An Historical Introduction to Social Economy. Century. $2.
Collin, C. The War Against War. Macmillan. 80 cents.
Faris, J. T. Old Roads Out of Philadelphia. Lippincott. $4 net.
Fleagle, F. K. Social Problems in Porto Rico. Heath.
Fletcher, A. C. B. From Job to Job Around the World. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Franck, H. A. Vagabonding Down the Andes. Century. $4 net.

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Summary of the News

THE special war session of the Sixty-fifth Congress ended at 3 P. M. October 6, with a history of 188 days of momentous legislation. In a message sent shortly before adjournment President Wilson stated that "the needs of the army and navy have been met in a way that assures the effectiveness of American arms, and the war-making branch of the Government has been abundantly equipped with the powers that were necessary to make the action of the nation effective." Among the bills passed shortly before adjournment were the Urgent Deficiency bill, carrying $7,758,124,000, the Trading with the Enemy act, and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Insurance bill. The first carried the largest appropriation measure in the history of the United States, and brings the total appropriated during the session to $21,390,730,940, of which $7,000,000,000 is being loaned to the Allies, and something over $1,000,000,000 has been appropriated for normal Government expenses. The Soldiers' and Sailors' Insurance bill raised Major-Gen. Pershing and Major-Gen. Bliss, the Chief of Staff, to the rank of general, and also added a number of lieutenant-generals to the army.

TWO hours of the closing day in the Senate were consumed by Senator La Follette in a defence of his recent conduct and utterances from the charge of disloyalty. Emphasizing the right of free speech, and declaring that never in a century and a half had it been so restricted in an English-speaking country as in America today, he pronounced it the duty of Congress "to declare our specific purposes in the present war" and of the people to unite in "free discussion of the policy of the war and its conclusion of a just basis." He was replied to by Senators Kellogg and Robinson. Senator La Follette has declared that the reported versions of his speech at Minneapolis are inaccurate, and will receive opportunity from the Senate sub-committee investigating it to demonstrate the inaccuracies.

THE War Revenue bill was passed by the Senate October 2 without a dissenting vote; it makes provision for raising about $2,535,000,000. A considerable stir has been caused by the discovery of a section in the War-Profits Tax division by which every person engaged in an occupation which yields him an income exceeeding $6,000 a year shall be subject to a tax of 8 per cent. upon all his earnings above this sum, in addition to the regular income tax. Congressmen are exempted by special provision from this clause. The measure is expected to raise $1,200,000,000 in income taxes, or four times as much as in 1916.

SECRETARY BAKER has announced that contracts have been let and work is in progress on practically the entire number of airplanes for which Congress made provision by its appropriation of $640,000,000. Some 5,000 of these will be built abroad, and the remainder in America. In addition, twenty-four flying schools have been authorized, and construction work upon them is abreast with the plans; and aviators are in training throughout America and in all the Allied countries. Machine guns, photographic supplies, and scientific instruments are being made ready as rapidly as they are required by the aviators.

OUR Exports Administrative Board has issued a list of about 600 articles which may be exported for the present to other nations, except Germany, her allies, and the neutral countries contiguous to Germany, without licenses. Meanwhile, the British Government has declared that no articles except personal effects and printed matter may be sent to the neutrals adjoining Germany without license; and the American Government has assisted in tightening the control over exports to the "border neutrals" by a refusal to allow bunker coal to be sold to vessels of neutrals unless these "agree to terms which the United States sets down, which will provide either for carrying only cargoes of which the Administrative Board approves or putting their vessels into trade channels which do not reach neutral Europe." It is thus expected to prevent South American food and Mexican oil from reaching Germany through Holland or Scandinavia.

THE chief internal events in Germany and Austria-Hungary have been a speech by Count Czernin, Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, upon peace, and the reopening of debate upon the question of peace terms in the Reichstag. Count Czernin declared in particular for disarmament, stating that it "is the only issue from the difficulty," and that "every state will have to give up something of its independence for the purpose of insuring the world peace." Unless peace without annexations and indemnities were soon accepted by the Allies, said the Count, Austria would have to revise its programme and seek compensation for further costs of the war.

IN the Reichstag on October 6 the Socialist interpellation as to the Government's attitude towards the new Fatherland party, which is headed by von Tirpitz, resulted in a spirited debate in which Gen. von Stein, Minister of War, was jeered and Helfferich was interrupted by members who plainly distrusted him. On October 8 a Progressive member, Georg Gothien, declared that there was no hope of a decisive victory over the Powers arrayed against Germany, and that Germany's allies, striving for peace by conciliation and negotiation, were thoroughly irritated by the advocacy of annexations by the Pan-Germans. He also asserted that long hours and insufficient food were resulting in marked unrest among the working classes, and in an increase in their desire for peace.

THE troops of Field-Marshal Haig on October 4 delivered another blow against the German lines east of Ypres, advancing along a front of eight miles to a depth of a mile and a half. They had captured by the end of the week very nearly 5,000 prisoners, including wounded, and had, by the circumstance that their barrage fire caught German divisions advancing to attack on the morning of the assault, wrought great damage to the German forces. The village of Broodseinde was captured, and with it a large part of the Zonnebeke-Broodseinde Ridge. The German counter-attacks were weaker than usual.

THE sensation of the week in diplomatic affairs has been the exposure of the activities of Bolo Pasha, a Levantine financier, who was supplied with German money and served as a German agent in the United States and France until recently arrested in France. It has been shown by documents in the possession of our State Department that in the spring of 1916 Count von Bernstorff induced von Jagow to provide through a New York banking house the sum of $1,700,000 for the use of Bolo Pasha in corrupting the press of France. Bolo Pasha promised "political action . . . which would bring peace," and von Bernstorff wrote that "the affair seems to me to be of the greatest possible importance." When this money was duly received, Bolo Pasha used slightly over $170,000 of it (one million francs) in purchasing an interest in the Paris *Journal*, placed $5,000 to the credit of Jules Bois, a French lecturer in America, whom he was using to give respectability to his appearance in this country, and transferred the rest to his own and Mme. Bolo's credit in Paris. He hoped to bring about a separate peace between France and Germany, and to this end subsidized the anarchist *Bonnet Rouge*, influenced trade and provincial journals, and till his arrest exercised some control over the *Journal*.

PREMIER KERENSKY has reached an agreement with delegates representing the Democratic Congress and with representatives of the bourgeoisie by which a new coalition Government is to be at once formed. It was also agreed that a preliminary Parliament should be convoked officially and organized by the Government; that it should include 120 members representing non-democratic elements; that it should have the right to interpellate the Government, which must then reply formally and juridically; but that the Government is not to be responsible to it. A general railway strike has become effective in Russia, called by workers dissatisfied with the Government's refusal to revise hours and wages; and in spite of warning by the Minister of Posts and Telegraph that strikers must answer the charge of treason, a large part of all traffic except that of a military and sanitary character has been suspended.

INFORMATION has been received that two German sea-raiders of small size are at large in the Pacific. The Seeadler, which escaped from a German port in December, 1916, after finding some victims, including three American schooners, was wrecked off Mopeha Island. Part of its crew were placed on the Lutece, once a French schooner, and part on a motor sloop, while the prisoners were left on Mopeha. The American Navy Department is making every effort to relieve the marooned men.

THE Governments of Peru and Uruguay have broken off relations with Germany, following votes in their respective Congresses in favor of such action. President Viera, of Uruguay, stated that the country had received no direct offence from Germany, but that it was necessary to espouse the cause of justice, democracy, and small nations.

THE Senate Committee on Printing has endorsed the recommendation of the Federal Trade Commission that the Commission be empowered to take over all the paper and paper-pulp plants in the United States, pool their production, and distribute their product at prices based on cost plus a reasonable profit.

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